

And so the Sky Fell Down

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| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
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| Category: | M/M , Multi |
| Fandom: | Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF |
| Relationship: | Clay Dream/Everyone , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Wilbur Soot , Clay Dream/Floris Fundy , Clay Dream/Dave Technoblade , Clay Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Luke Punz , Clay Dream/Sam Awesamdude |
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And so the Sky Fell Down

by Anonymous

Summary

[Discontinued (at least for now lol)]

Also known as Dream being a mysterious menace and somehow acquiring a harem

edit this now has a lot of angst and stuff i didn't plan on, don't read if you want happy fluff harem :)

This work isn't meant to offend or bother CC's, this is a crack concept I'm having fun with. I don't ship the real people or even the personas in the SMP, just these fanfiction versions. Be respectful to the CC's please, don't send it to them or anything.

Updates are pretty random, basically whenever I feel like it. There's no character tags, sooooo.

also make a Dream SMP fandoms tag i'm begging you

Masked Mystery Man (hehhehe alliteration)

Chapter Summary

In which Dream starts the beginning of his harem.

Chapter Notes

i saw a lack of dream harem content and i decided to feed the people

please don't actually ship the cc's, that's weird. prolly won't do any character tags. also help me decide on the techno thing please i need help

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Everyone knew the tale. The tale of the travellers.

While the true story had been muddled by misstellings and exaggeration, there was a few true facts that everyone knew; seven travellers, looking for a safe place to rest their head and set up a town, stumbled upon an abandoned SMP.

Nobody knew *why* it was abandoned, they all just knew it *was* abandoned. A few ruins of towns lie scattered around, rather far away. That was another peculiar thing about it- most SMP territories were small, allowing for tightly packed cities and skyscrapers. This one was large, sprawling. It would take months, *months* of Nether travel to reach the closest one. Which, inexplicably, was also abandoned.

Actually, all the citizens of the SMP's around were simply gone, vanished. Aside from blood stains and houses that lay barren of life.

So, they never left the territory of the SMP. Respawns were tricky outside, as one loud child would discover, and it was just safer inside.

There was another thing they knew for sure- *He* was watching. He always was. He never stopped, he had eyes every. A man with a cloak and a strange mask that covered his face and neck.

Newcomers to their world would ask about it, shivering and glancing around with fear prey has for a predator. The rest shook their head, saying that they would get used to it.

Sometimes, he would reveal himself. The first arrivals saw him, always watching for their first few days. After a while, he stopped, perhaps after seeing they weren't a threat. They would never know- he didn't talk to them. At all. Silent. All-seeing.

A god.

It seemed like a stretch, but what else could explain it? You never saw him unless he *wanted* you to see. And when he tired of the gawking, he disappeared.

He would appear in spots physically impossible for one to reach undetected, and his mask *moved* . Not like it shifted on his 'face', the expression *changed* . It normally was a simple smiley face, intimidating in its perfection. Occasionally the eyes would narrow, smile either deepen or turn into something of a frown.

It was magic.

They stayed at arm's length from him, not wanting to disrupt the god. Occasionally they would ask questions, and he answered in the form of nods, head tilts, and his mask's expression. That's how they discovered his gender and a few likes and dislikes.

He didn't really make noise, aside from his dark green cloak swishing in the wind. Silent and deadly. They realised the man wore fingerless gloves and black nail polish upon him extending a God Apple to a citizen.

They wouldn't lie, they were captivated by the mysterious stranger. He helped them, strangely enough. Suppling assorted goods that would be improbable for the men to get in their first few weeks. He was kind, in short.

But also dangerous. They'd seen his fighting skills against mobs, protecting the measly shelter they had. He was graceful and elegant on his feet, cutting through flesh and bone like butter with his glowing battle axe.

(That was the moment Sapnap fell in love.)

He seemed to glow, a friendly yet eerie aura encasing him. He was a dream.

So that was what his people called him, Dream. He simply tilted his head at that, shoulders shaking with laughter. He didn't make a peep, however. Silent laughter. That was endearing.

Dream usually gave them a two-fingered salute before disappearing to wherever that man got to. Probably people watching.

More people arrived, all captivated by the mysterious Dream. And all failed to actually catch his attention, seemingly bored with them. He stopped engaging with them, opting to watch, not allowing them to see. Perhaps it was the aforementioned loud child yelling whenever he caught sight of him.

There was an occasion where Wilbur, too shy to actually talk to the man, made Tommy ask Dream for a pizza date. The man's shoulders shook with the familiar laughter, and they heard a soft wheeze. He nodded enthusiastically, clearly amused by the proposition.

(That was the moment that Wilbur fell in love.)

Dream's laidback and mostly aloof nature changed with them establishing L'Manberg. Or, rather, *finding* L'Manberg.

As all knew, ruins of once-great towns and cities linger across the land, begging the question of *what happened?* They got their answer with their discovery of the greatest one yet, tattered flags scattered around and carvings in the large, ruined walls saying everything the adventurers needed to know; Dream was the cause of their destruction.

The group was understandably hesitant about establishing L'Manberg as a free nation separate of the SMP again, but Wilbur pushed for it. They'd discovered a way to create their own magic ('drugs', they said, as the drunk men cheered at their find), and they wanted a monopoly.

It started with rebuilding the walls. Tubbo was confused at why Wilbur would encourage the process, but he realised when he brought a small boy from behind him. At this time, the resident boys were around nine or ten, this boy being a mere few years older.

Wilbur wanted to protect the boys- *his boys* - from the dangers that surrounded them. Dream

seemed to be against killing them, but more safe than sorry.

Dream expressed annoyance and disappointment at this, wanting them to remain as his citizens. At that meeting was their first glimpse ~~or whatever word matches up for hearing~~

His voice was higher than one would expect for his height, only shorter than Wilbur. Liling, it sounded sweet. Like emeralds clinking together in a bag and stars whizzing across the sky.

Or maybe Wilbur is just a sap.

Fundy tagged along to the meeting, unwilling to let go of Wilbur's arm. (His first time meeting Dream was also love at first sight. A one-sided love, but still love.)

The meeting went horribly, Tommy often cutting in and making foolish remarks. The masked man, upset, declared war upon L'Manberg. As he had long ago.

And so, they went to war.

Chapter End Notes

If you couldn't tell already, this is basically a run-through of events in the S(I)MP but also slowly gathering a harem for green bastard blob man.

He wears a cloak in this one, switching to a hoodie for casual events (but he's a dramatic bitch so)

techno suggestions please i'm really proud of both backstories i came up with and can't decide.

Later chapters will be longer, just want this out there.

All's Fair in Love and War

Chapter Summary

In which Dream haunts the mind of a small family.

Also known as family drama, angst, and Dream.

Chapter Notes

I'm trying to get the hang of the formatting on AO3, please forgive any mistakes.

two consecutive chapters? you spoiled little muffins, here's some angst.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It wasn't hard for Dream to gather his own team, each so devoted to Dream they might even be considered acolytes. Those on his side consisted of George, Sapnap, and Punz. They called themselves the Dream Team, which was a pretty self explanatory name. ~~Wilbur wanted to be them, to be able to worship Dream. To say his name without fearing people would look at him differently.~~

Since they were pretty evenly matched, it helped take a load of Wilbur's mind. They had Fundy, Tubbo, Tommy, and Eret. He was glad to have another adult on his side whereas before it was mostly children. He'd tried speaking to her about what plan they should have, but she just blew him off to hang out with Niki. Sometimes he wondered what was happening in their mind.

Wilbur shook his head and scoffed when Tubbo asked about his standoff-ish mood, saying he was thinking of battle tactics. One thing he was glad about was Eret, allowing him to have an extra person on the cloaked figure. Even with the extra manpower, he worried it wasn't enough, considering Dream was a *god* .

However, he wrote that he would play fair in the Declaration of War, so he would have to trust that Dream wouldn't pull anything on them. Gods, his heart *ached* . The man's laughter haunted him, twinkling in the night while he tossed and turned in his sheets. The fact Fundy seemed entranced by him didn't help, pictures of a green cloak and smiley mask of different iterations were littered around the house. He couldn't just tell his son to *stop* , but it hurt to be so surrounded by Dream yet so far from him.

The only solace he had was that Dream appeared to watch him, stalking around trees and lurking in the shadows. He gave food to him in the form of golden carrots and the occasional golden apple, smile mysterious in its meaning.

It drove him insane.

Fundy was nervous. Very nervous. He was about to ask his crush of several years out. Well, maybe only a few in human years. He was supposedly three and a few quarters in human years, which equaled to roughly 21 in fox years. The war had been raging, long and hard since he was about 12 in human years. It was only a year or so since then, but it felt like an eternity for Fundy.

His dad was supposedly planning an attack on Dream and his team, which left Fundy a few hours, maybe even close to a day to enact his plan. He'd found a nice lot a few hundred blocks away, brought a shulker backpack full of redstone supplies and got to work. He wasn't fantastic at building, which led him to one idea: Drive-in movies.

They were a concept his father taught him about, fondly remembering the days of an SMP called "Earth". Lame name, really. Dream was a much prettier one. Fundy's face broke out into red at the thought of his soon-to-be beloved, a wide smile on his face.

Dream was exactly where he'd written he'd be in the letter he had sent to him. The masked figure leaned against a tree, donning a dark green hoodie and a black turtleneck underneath. Even in casual clothes, the god stilled appeared ethereal. He lazily waved to Fundy, his mask forming a friendly smile.

"Hey.... bae- babe," Fundy awkwardly grinned, testing out the nickname. "I brought you some chocolates and flowers!"

Dream tilted his head, not exactly upset but not too ecstatic about the name. He held the bouquet of green flowers in his arms, balancing the chocolates on top. His mask shifted to a soft smile as he held them up to it, seemingly smelling them.

"They're beautiful." Dream looked lovely, almost serene. Fundy's heart skipped a beat, blush covering his face again. He glanced away, gripping his chest as the man giggled. Not like his wheezy laugh or a polite chuckle, a *fucking giggle*. It was precious and needed to be protected.

Impulsively, stupidly, Fundy reached his hands out and rested them on Dream's hood. He realised what he was doing and his eyes widened, a nervous laugh tumbling out his lips. Dream also seemed surprised, a stunned silence falling between the two.

“Can I?” The question hung in the air, freezing the summer’s afternoon around them. The man’s nod was hesitant but final, and Fundy pushed down the hood.

Golden hair the colour of honey and endless fields of wheat popped out of the hood, and his breath caught in his throat. It felt like a mane of flowers was released from its bundle, bouncing around weightlessly and soft.

He was pretty sure he uttered a soft ‘oh’, lovesick in its tone. Fundy’s heart was taken yet again by the masked man. The tips of Dream’s ears were red, and he was pretty sure that meant he was blushing.

The air returned to being light, mood significantly shifting towards the better. He took Dream on a minecraft ride through the Nether, very proud to see the other enjoying it quietly. He’d spent weeks planning it out and putting decorations on the walls, it felt nice to have *something* he did be appreciated.

His mind wandered dangerously, a small voice trying to pull him back to Dream, back to reality, but he’d already dived too deep.

Wilbur. Fucking *Wilbur*. The man was deranged, nothing else to it. He watched his own son drift further and further from him until they could barely touch fingertips when their arms were fully outstretched. And what had distracted him so much? Dream.

He was dead set on killing the man he knew his son pined for. Even if they were on opposite sides of the war, Wilbur didn’t know how to stop. He was a monster. Fundy wished he could blame it on his father’s ignorance, but he’d seen the pictures of what Fundy drew when he was small. The unmistakable mask and the hearts surrounding him.

He *still* drew Dream, albeit hiding them. But he knew Wilbur found them.

One night, when he was 16, after returning home from covering another one of his redstone contraptions, he’d frozen at the doorway of his room. Standing over his secret drawer stashed with the secret portraits of Dream that he drew when the man allowed it was Wilbur. He was hunched over it, shuffling through them and muttering angrily under his breath.

“Dad?” His voice instantly froze in the winter air, shattering upon hitting the floor and Wilbur’s

ears.

“What.. are these,” It wasn’t a question, it was a statement. A statement that demand his son tell him something that wouldn’t make him mad. Fundy pressed his ears against his head to avoid them from twitching in fear.

“What does it look like they are?” His voice was feeble. Frightened.

Wilbur slowly walked over, placing a hand on his son’s shoulder. Fundy shivered as he stared into his eyes, brown with flecks of blood red that shined a dark warning. “You’re not allowed to see him. We’re at war, Fundy.

“It’s so stupid to try and make friends with the enemy. Stear clear of that man.” His eyes flickered to meet Fundy’s once more. “You cannot date him or engage with him in any romantic context. Got it?”

The man’s speech was so *strange* , unlike Wilbur to anyone in any context, much less to his *son* of all people. And he was so aggressive in his tone, nearly spitting out the words.

That was when Fundy realised. Wilbur *hated* Dream. Hated him with the burning passion. That was the only reason he could possibly think of, why else would he be so oddly protective over him? He was worried Dream would do something, perhaps.

He scoffed, looking behind him at Dream. The taller man seemed concerned, resting a gloved hand on his shoulder. The mask’s worried smile comforted him. ‘*At least someone cares.*’

The rest of the date went smoothly, Fundy even ending up falling asleep in his lover’s arms. Upon Dream waking him up, he proposed. It seemed rushed, but they were in war, after all. The other wheezed a bit, accepting the ring. Fundy specifically made it, a deep green emerald set into the intricate silver ring. Dream’s small smile and laugh made all the sleepless nights worth it.

It ended up going on a chain around Dream’s neck, tucked under his hoodie. They couldn’t risk anyone seeing it on his finger and freaking out so that seemed like the safest way for him to still wear it. Dream, in turn, gifted him a gold brooch. It bloomed with different coloured flowers, just like how Fundy’s smile bloomed when seeing it.

Dream had apologised for not having anything better, but Fundy assured him that it was more than

enough. He pressed a kiss to the porcelain mask, catching the way it turned slightly pink.

“Blushing?” He’d ask, teasingly waving his tail. Dream shoved him off the minecart, tea kettle laugh filling the lot. Fundy committed every detail to memory on the ride home, clutching the man’s hand in his.

Wilbur didn’t seem to care that he was gone for hours on end. Why would he? He didn’t care about him. The war and L’Manberg was all he wanted.

At least he had his beloved, and no one could take that away from him.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, I rushed the timeline for the date a bit. I figured it would be more dramatic, y'know? That being said, the next chapter's character of choice is up in the air. Keep an eye out for stolen (but legal) presidency or blood ;)

I do really like writing this story, so I'll probably update frequently. Next chapter will be some flirting and light angst (depending on who i decide to focus on). No promises!

Down with the Revolution, Boys

Chapter Summary

In which we see the DTeam and Eret conspiring and being idiots.

Chapter Notes

brainrot.... eret.... villain eret.... must write...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Gogy, come on, we’re busy!” Sapnap crossed his arms, tired of his friend's constant pushing away of tasks to focus on building a damn house.

George flashed an apologetic smile at his friend Sapnap, stopping his work on decorating the small house Dream directed them to build. The sun was just peeking over the horizon, waving hello to the group. Punz had gone off on a mission to get food and hopefully find a more sustainable source than killing cows.

“Do you know where Dream is?” Sapnap shook his head, pointing at a nearby mountain.

“I watched him go over there last night. Crazy how fast that guy moves.” There were several things left unsaid in that statement, like how Sapnap watched Dream’s hood fly down, breathtaking golden hair bouncing with every jump and every movement of the god. He’d always been sure that the man was a god, but that sealed the nail in the coffin for him.

They chatted a bit more over when they thought the god would return, shrieking when said individual jumped between them, cocky smile present on his mask.

“Missed me?” He said, doing that wheezy laugh of his. Sapnap didn’t miss how affectionate Dream was towards George, ruffling his hair and encasing him in a hug. It made his blood boil, seeing a man who had absolutely no care for the other shrug off the hug was maddening.

Dream offered George a God Apple, which the other eagerly accepted and shoved in his inventory.

He didn't miss the slight look of hurt which adorned the mask as George turned away without so much as a 'thank you'. Sapnap clenched his fists, fighting back a low growl. There was something so *disrespectful* about not thanking a god for a gift, much less one that seemed to adore you above all others.

If anything, he wanted to murder George. Take back all the time and gifts Dream had given him and show his god *he* was the worthy one. He also knew Wilbur was smitten with the masked man, which told him that they really didn't need to worry about the war. What he did have to worry about was Wilbur getting too close to his god.

He'd found himself standing over a bowl last night, ready to cut his arm open and sacrifice his blood to the Blood God, hoping he would assist him in his endeavour. There was a moment of clarity when he began dragging the blade down, quickly dropping it and bandaging up the small cut.

What was he thinking?! Sure, he and George had their fair share of fights, and Wilbur got on his nerves a lot, but he would never *murder* them. Besides, the Blood God was probably too busy to even bother visiting a lowly worshipper.

He glanced over at George, a sigh falling from his lips. There was surely a pacifistic way to deal with the oblivious buffoon, but straight-up telling him would never work. He would also hate to damage Dream's feelings and pride by confessing *for* him.

Speaking of Dream, the man had crafted an enchanting table, slyly waving a piece of netherite tucked beneath his sleeve. Sapnap's eyes bugged out, clearly taken off guard by the precious metal. He'd never even *seen* a piece of ancient debris, let alone an actual *bar*.

"What's wrong, Sapitus Napitus?" Dream's playful tone snapped him out of his stupor, eyes meeting the ones present on the mask. "Cat got your tongue?"

He produced *yet another* bar of netherite, cackling to himself.

"Holy sh- muffins! Dude, where'd you get so much debris?!" Sapnap stopped himself from cursing, face heating up upon realising.

George laughed in the background, still working on that damn house. "You're going soft! Bad's

really rubbing off on you.” He finger gunned Sapnap, to which the other turned away in a huff.

“Aw, that’s cute.” The masked man laughed, not quite a wheeze but still not quite a normal polite laugh.

Did. Did Dream just call him cute. *Dream just called me cute.* His eyes must’ve bugged out again since the cloaked figure came over to pat him on the head, mask reflecting worry.

Dreamjustouchedmedreamjustouchedmedreamjustouchedmedreamjustouchedmedreamjustouchedmedrea

“Sapnap, you good?” The man tilted his head, clearly concerned. Sapnap stumbled over an excuse, shoving George away from the door to enter. He had to go panic and fawn over what just happened in the comfort and privacy of his own lodging.

George watched Sapnap roughly push past him, slamming the door in his wake. His eyebrows furrowed with worry, wondering what had gotten into him. Sapnap never really acted out or threw a tantrum, usually resorting to being mellow or relentlessly teasing whoever made him upset, but this was something else entirely.

Dream waved it off, telling him that Sapnap was probably just in a mood and would come out when he was ready. The man pointed out a sunset to George, who was delighted to see it.

“Too bad I’m colourblind.” It was a mostly offhand remark, not expecting Dream to be that surprised.

“You’re *colourblind*? ” His tone was halfway between ‘oh fuck i messed up’ and ‘no way’. “That actually makes more sense than what I thought..”

George raised an eyebrow and burst into laughter as Dream sheepishly told him he just thought George was too scatterbrained to focus on colours.

“You’re so stupid!” George said, still in the midst of laughing his lungs out of his chest. He missed

the way Dream flinched and tensed, wheezing slowly quieting. He didn't notice how Dream went back into serious mode, something he mostly stopped doing around his team.

George spotted Punz in the distance, eagerly running towards the pair.

"Dream! George! Look!" The man dropped a couple of stacks of various foods, including potatoes, carrots, wheat, and apples.

"A couple of villages still had their crops planted and only a few were rotten!" Punz excitedly jumped from foot to foot, clearly ecstatic about his find. Dream chuckled, pocketing a couple of potatoes and mumbling something along the lines of 'Tech would be so proud of you'.

"Do I... do I get a reward?" Dream nodded, going over to a crafting table. The two watched curiously as the man returned, offering Punz a gold bar. The other man, clearly trying to not be upset, gave him a forced nod.

The masked man began cackling again, wheezing for a good few minutes before giving Punz a netherite chestplate. His eyes lit up with the gift, staring with wide eyes at Dream.

"You- oh, your look was *priceless* - You deserve that for all your good work-" He could barely finish his sentence, failing at containing his laughter. Punz nodded, his wide smile plastered across his entire face.

"I'll work even harder next time! Thank you, Dream!" The group paused upon seeing a figure crossing the threshold into the Dream Team's claimed territory. The two protectors drew their swords, Dream continuing to wheeze.

"It's just Eret, calm down." Lo and behold, the man himself stood beside George, taking her glasses off. The glowing white eyes still put George off, but he happily clapped them on the back.

A wiry smile spread across her face, a laughing escaping their lips.

"Wilbur devised a plan to ambush you guys the night of the battle in a few days. I suggest you gather your supplies and leave this area, at least for the foreseeable future."

Dream tapped his foot on the ground, humming in concentration. George's shoulders slumped at the thought of leaving the house, his pride and joy, alone so the stupid L'Manbergians could destroy it.

"Or, we could ambush them instead," Dream turned to face Eret. "How good are you at redstone?"

"I'm fine, I suppose." She cocked an eyebrow, curiosity getting the better of him.

The smile on Dream's mask was downright devious, an ominous warning to those not on his side. "You'll lead them into a trap. To take down the revolution." He tilted his head up, a laugh bubbling up in his throat. To say Dream was scary was an understatement. He patted Eret's shoulder.

"You'll know the signal when you see it."

With that, she was sent away. The thought of betraying them both made them extremely nervous but also a rush of adrenaline he'd never felt before.

"Down with the revolution, boys."

Chapter End Notes

This fic has almost reached 4,000 words, which is a little scary. I had to write Eret since I love her with all my heart and that betrayal was so potent. Dream's POV will hopefully follow the betrayal/end of the war (I want to get to the presidency as quickly as possible so a certain character can be thrown into the mix ;))))

A Battle and a Deal

Chapter Summary

In which there's betrayal, a bunch of angst, some fluff near the end, more angst, more fluff... you get the idea.

Chapter Notes

Hooooooly muffins, this chapter is a doozy. It's nearly 3,000 words long, takes up 12 of the 27 pages in my Google Doc, and is basically half the story at this point. I considered splitting it up into two, but it makes more sense like this. Hope you enjoy, I blew off my responsibilities for this ;;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The betrayal was well planned, Eret instantly understanding what the three fireworks meant. They were shot off into L'Manberg's walls, a creeper firework was the signal. Arrows rained down from the walls, forcing the L'Manbergians to retreat away. Eret told them she had a plan, a place they could go to escape. They trusted him, following their every move. It was almost pitiful how the rest of the team ignored how Eret was the only one not being targeted by their attackers.

He lured the L'Manbergians into the 'bunker', chatting them up. She couldn't have them noticing how suspicious the whole ordeal seemed. The button was placed on the floor, surprising Eret when *Tommy* pressed the button.

Wilbur turned towards the others to scowl at Tommy. "There's nothing in these chests--"

The pistons activated, the four members swarming into the room. They each dispatched their target, holding whatever preferred weapon to their necks. It was a deadly, coordinated dance. And it was clear who was ready to tango.

Eret grinned, watching the stunned and devastated faces of those who she once allied with. He accepted the crown Dream offered with his free hand, placing it amidst his curls. The sunglasses were pocketed, allowing the members to see into his eyes.

"Down with the revolution, boys! It was never meant to be." Their cackle echoed throughout the small room, striking fear into the hearts of their enemies.

Wilbur fell silent, merely staring at the person he thought he knew, thoughts trying to escape his throat but only making a small croaking noise. His son, mostly invisible, was caught and killed by George.

The only thing he managed to spit out was simple, to the point. "Eret, how could you..." he held back tears, not wanting to cry in front of Tubbo and Tommy.

Tubbo struggled to form words, shoulders slumping. He choked back a sob, trying to reach Tommy. "Wha- I farmed with you for hours! For... hours..."

A fire burned in his friend's eyes, raging. It was clear he was devastated, but the only thing on his mind was revenge.

"Eret, listen to me, and I mean this in the nicest way possible." He met the man's eyes. "You fucked up."

He lunged for them, hoping to grab her throat, but Dream stabbed him through the chest with his own sword. He fell limp and disappeared in a cloud of smoke. Wilbur tried protecting Tubbo and escaping, but they, too, fell victim to Punz and Sapnap's blades.

Eret saluted the dying forms of her ex-friends. "Farewell, gentleman." He tipped his crown to them, exiting the room they were in. The others had already left.

"Hello there," They grinned as they joined the Dream Team. They were celebrating their unquestioned victory, loud cheers contrasting harshly to the previous cries of the dying just moments before.

Sapnap was eager for Dream's praise, pouting when the man turned his attention to Eret. He grinned, dramatically bowing to him.

"Eret, you are now.. our king!" He gestured to the crown, trying to keep back any laughter. Sapnap made a big show of sorting out who's items were who's, putting them in their respective chests, and burning it.

The rest of the night was filled with drinking, dancing, and celebration.

Fundy was the first to wake, breath heavy and terrified. He looked down, gripping at the wound in his stomach. He struggled to keep consciousness, afraid the pain would make him blackout again. The bottle of light pink liquid rested on his bedside, something Wilbur gave him since the upcoming battle was giving him nerves.

Even though the pain spiked whenever he moved, he still managed to grasp the bottle and down the whole thing. It certainly wasn't safe and he really, *really* should have only had half of it but it *hurt* .

He rested for a few minutes, a relieved sigh escaping him when the potion started kicking in. The wound began stitching itself up, bypassing the need for bandages. Fundy really should've been thankful for his father's drug business, but he was somehow *more* angry at him now. The whole reason they were in this mess in the first place was because of them!

He hobbled out of the bed, grabbing a couple of other potions for the others. Normally he would've opted for instant health, but Wilbur told him it could put a person into shock if they weren't careful, so he just grabbed more regen potions.

The others woke up in their bed, one by one. He assumed it was the order in which they were killed, offering them each a potion as soon as they arrived. Tommy, Tubbo, then Wilbur. Tubbo woke up screaming, sobs wracking his body. Fundy tried to calm him but ended up having to knock him out in order for the potion to do its magic.

He had the feeling Tubbo would do that a lot in the weeks to come, the feeling of dread and guilt twisting his stomach into knots. He didn't protect either of the boys, just tried to escape. He was such a selfish idiot.

Tommy's eyes were dead, drained of all life and determination. He sat silently, tears rolling down his cheeks. He didn't dare touch him, afraid it would set him off and he would end up like Tubbo. He willingly accepted the potion, relaxing a bit as the wound on his chest closed itself up.

His father refused to move, refused to take any potions, refused to even cry. Fundy tried shaking him and force-feeding him the potion, but his lips were sealed shut. He sighed, grabbing a roll of bandages and antiseptic. He'd have to do it the hard way.

Surprisingly, the older man didn't make a peep, not even when Fundy cleaned the wound. He could only watch in pity. Since Wilbur was last to respawn, he had to assume he watched Tubbo and Tommy die. As well as his actual son.

Two brothers and his own son, slain viciously. Right in front of his eyes. And betrayed by someone he thought he could trust. He pressed a damp washcloth against Wilbur's forehead, mumbling things he thought could soothe him. Of course, he didn't forgive him, but it still hurt his heart to watch such a strong man look so *broken*.

Tubbo woke up screaming again. Tommy beat him to comforting him, wrapping his arms around the smaller's frame. The brothers fell asleep together, Fundy draped a blanket over them.

It was pathetic, really. He abandoned his own family and couldn't even comfort them in their time of need. Pathetic.

He curled back up on his bed, holding back his own cries. He really didn't deserve to. To distract himself, his thoughts drifted to Dream, as they always did.

Why? He stated before he was against killing kids, but that was a massacre of the two youngest people he could think of. Fundy stared longly out the window. It was Eret's fault, had to be. He was the one who betrayed them. It was probably all coordinated by him.

He yawned, willing for Dream to appear in his window, to take him and explain it all away. Make it all better. The brooch was clenched tightly in his hand, wishing upon it as a child would wish upon a shooting star.

He didn't, at least not that night.

It took several months of more warfare and bloodshed for the masked menace to finally appear to Fundy. Not that they didn't see each other often, but alone like this. He had been wishing on the brooch again, slowly lulling himself to sleep with thoughts of his beloved.

Like magic, the man himself tapped on the window, scaring Fundy half to death. A very groggy fox hybrid made his way over to the window, a chuckle escaping him as Dream waved at him from his spot on the tree branch outside his bedroom window.

“Dear gods, Dream, really-” He unlatched the window lock, glancing around. His door couldn’t be locked, but it was also the middle of the night, judging by the moon. His clock had broken weeks ago, so he couldn’t be sure. Safe enough.

“You wished to see me.” The words were spoken like honey, soft and sweet. It wasn’t a tone he’d heard from his lover before, and it was intoxicating. He felt light on his feet, ears perking up. Dream’s smile widened.

“My love, no need to be so formal.” He teased the masked man, giving him a playful look. “Thank you for coming, I worried you wouldn’t. It took you a while.”

“I am but a servant to my beloved.” Fundy shoved his face away, stifling his laughter. While he was hurt Dream ignored his last statement, he was still glad to see the man. They would have to be quiet for their midnight rendezvous, the others could wake and would see the man who had been fighting against them for the last couple of years.

The last thought sobered him, eyes searching Dream for any signs of regret or sadness. The cloak concealed any body language he might be giving off, and the mask was a simple smiley.

He stepped away from him, Dream clearly confused. “Why.”

“I... what?”

“Don’t play dumb with me, Dream. Why do you keep doing this? Why did you ignore my pleas for you to come...” His voice cracked at the end, failing to keep it steady. He had to get an answer from him, had to explain to everyone why he wasn’t a bad person.

“We had to, Fundy. This is war! Besides, Wilbur’s smart. He could do a lot more harm than he has. Besides, I’ve been busy.” The smile flipped into a frown, clearly upset by the accusation.

Fundy crossed his arms and huffed. Sure, his dad might be brutal at times and seemed to have a vendetta against Dream, but the man was a *god*. Surely he could’ve held his own against a few

attacks. He opened his mouth to speak, about to tell him off.

“You say I could do more harm? Then why haven’t I?” Fundy whipped around, face to face with his father. The man was leaning against his doorway, eyes fixated on Dream and his son.

Dream took a step back onto the tree branch he stood on, agitated by being caught. “Wilbur, what are you doing up?”

“I heard my son talking, then a different voice.” He strolled over to the window, eyes piercing through Fundy’s own. “What are you doing.”

“I- I was trying to ask him-” Fundy stumbled over his words, shrinking back. This was bad, very bad, incredibly bad. How was he supposed to explain away his father’s greatest enemy casually talking to his own son! His heart pounded in his chest, frantically trying to think of any excuse.

His father’s voice was calm. Too calm. “I told you to stay away from that man, Fundy.”

Dream spoke up, voice cutting through the tense silence like a knife through honey butter. “I came by myself, Wilbur. I wanted to apologise.”

Wilbur stared at him, an incredulous look coming to rest on his face. It was well-deserved, who’s enemy engages with them in a fruitless war for years and then randomly comes to apologise to their son?

The masked man sighed, shaking his head. A pleading look came to settle on the mask as he stepped inside the house.

“As a wise man once wrote, and another man once quoted. ‘ There is no instance of a nation benefitting from prolonged warfare,’ Sun Tzu, The Art of War.” A wistful smile danced across the mask before returning to a blank look.

“I don’t want to fight anymore, Wilbur. It’s been years. I’m tired, you’re surely tired. Can we put it to rest?” The man offered a gloved hand to the general.

Wilbur eyed it suspiciously. “Why? You’re winning the war, you have the upper hand. Why come and beg for forgiveness, it doesn’t benefit you.”

“I...need something from you, Wilbur.” The man raised an eyebrow, confusion painted on his face. “George. He’s sick. Terribly sick. Probably an infection or something from a battle. God Apples aren’t helping, he can’t swallow properly.

Dream looked at his feet, shame radiating off him. Wilbur chuckled again. “You need my potions.”

“Yes- I’ll pay you handsomely, whatever you want. Just... please. Help him.” Fundy’s heart hurt at the desperation in Dream’s tone. Not being able to embrace the man hurt him even more.

“You’re willing to give it all up for him?” Dream nodded in response.

Wilbur hummed, arms resting behind his back, staring out the window. That was the moment it clicked in Fundy’s head; that man wasn’t a normal citizen nor soldier, not even a father or a brother. He was a general doing what he thought was best for his country. “The war being over would benefit L’Manberg well. You’re sure about this?”

“Yes.” His response was immediate, breathless. Wilbur extended a hand which Dream took with little to no hesitation.

Fundy smiled, just a bit. It made sense to him now, Wilbur just wanted to do what he thought was right. And he could appreciate that.

“We’ll sign the contract in a week.” Dream nodded, hopping out the window. His father stared after him, an emotion in his eyes that Fundy could only identify as... longing? He brushed it off as nothing.

Not even a week passed before Dream returned to Wilbur. Three days after the agreed-upon date, he showed up in his window.

Wilbur grumbled, not ecstatic to be woken from his lovely nap. He quickly realised who it was, rushing to open the window for the god. Between panicked gestures and stuttered words, he gathered that George's health suddenly declined the morning of their conversion and he was sent out to get a treatment from Wilbur.

Since it was mid-afternoon, he figured he could be back before anyone missed him. After packing the necessary supplies, the two were off. Dream held his hand to make sure they weren't separated in the forest. He swore he felt a jolt of electricity jump between them, sparks literally flying. Dream's hand was warm and soft, a welcome surprise.

All too soon they reached the cottage, Dream leading him inside. George was laid out on a bed, breathing shallowly. His skin was clammy and pale. Sapnap, Punz, and Bad were tending to him. Wilbur caught their visible relief when seeing him, moving out of the way to give him space.

It took a few hours, full of tense whispers, heavy hearts, and tears. Dream never strayed from George's side, grasping his hand tightly. Wilbur thought he saw tears dropping onto the bed, but he didn't bring it up. A mixture of different health potions were routinely fed to him while Wilbur fixed up the wound on his side.

It was a large and deep gash, spanning from his ribs to his pelvis, no doubt caused by a sword. He traced the marks, realising it was from the familiar edge of Tommy's sword. He was conflicted between feeling proud or disappointed.

The potions couldn't do their job while it was infected so he had to clean it, gently wiping it down with a damp washcloth dipped in saltwater and a potion of regen. Most of those hours were spent just clearing the infection, a cheer going off inside the house when the potions began knitting the wound back together.

George awoke a while later, eyes regaining clarity. The others rushed in to hug him, pushing Dream away. Wilbur was the only one who caught the sad smile he gave the group, walking outside. He caught up to him, asking why he left.

"Giving them privacy. Don't want to intrude." His laugh was bitter, the one of someone who felt wronged yet couldn't do anything about it.

Wilbur gave him a pitying look, wrapping him in a hug. Dream froze, unsure of what to do. He hesitantly hugged back, easing into it. After a quick moment of thinking, Wilbur yanked down his hood to pet him.

The other said nothing besides a content sigh and small giggle. He played with the soft hair, noticing how it changed from a deep golden colour to a paler flaxen in the moonlight.

He had no idea how long they stayed like that until Sapnap came out to call Dream inside. They untangled from each other before the new arrival saw. Dream flipped his hood back up, giving Wilbur a curt nod and smile before heading back inside with Sapnap.

Wilbur swallowed the urge to go back inside and retrieve his Dream, walking away before it could get the better of him.

The contract was signed four days later, establishing peace between the two countries. Or so they thought.

Chapter End Notes

Dialogue and time jumps really aren't my strong suit, if you couldn't tell by how little I have of it in other chapters. Normally time jumps happen between chapters, I decided to try something new. While this chapter really isn't my favourite, I can't help but be proud just because I wrote so much in a very small timeframe.

yes i have no life, i update way too much

Elections are Hard, How About a Ball?

Chapter Summary

In which a power couple is formed.

Also known as Schlatt and Dream should never be allowed to dance together. Ever.

Chapter Notes

My google doc is starting to lag from how much I have, I should probably tone it down-

I managed to knock out Dream's POV and Schlatt entering the ring in one fell swoop! Towards the end it switches to a more general view so I could convey the other's emotions better.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream leaned against the walls of L'Manberg, laughing along with the others that gathered alongside him. Well, it was more like he stood just outside the tightly packed group, watching from a small distance away. Occasionally Sapnap or Fundy would make a joke and face him, grinning like a dumbass.

But, besides them, he was mostly an observer. As he always had been.

Wilbur walked over to him, quietly asking to talk privately. A couple of people shot them looks, but neither really noticed. The other man seemed... nervous, fidgeting and tearing a hand through his hair.

“What’s wrong?” He cocked his head, shooting a concealed eyebrow up. It was unlike Wilbur to be this agitated, let alone show it.

He heaved a great sigh, eyes focusing squarely on his feet. “I... fucked up.”

“When have you not?” That got a laugh, however short. Wilbur’s eyes silently pleaded to him to listen, and so he fell silent.

“I didn’t finalise the ballets and... well, Quackity and George are running. I’m not really worried about them, seeing as George isn’t even here. But...” He took another breath in. “Fundy and I had a fight and he’s running against me. With Niki.”

Dream gave him a sympathetic smile, offering a hug. Wilbur gratefully accepted, holding him tight. He quietly whispered comforting words to the other man, who started crying.

“Are you sure you’re okay to run?” Dream sat them both down, focusing on comforting the distraught man. Wilbur only gave him a sad smile, nodding.

“I’ll be fine.” He couldn’t help but be sceptical, only sighing. He’d have to trust Wilbur.

Dream wiped tears from his eyes, petting his chocolate coloured hair. “Pull me out if I get too bad, okay?”

He nodded, helping Wilbur stand. His eyes weren’t too red so he was able to go back out and address the crowd.

Dream sighed, hugging the cloak closer to him. It wasn’t his usual one, this one being so dark it was closer to black than it was green. This was a special occasion, after all.

He followed Wilbur back into the crowd, being escorted onto the stage. He sat in a chair at the back, assigned to make sure nobody was doing anything shady and to act as a security guard.

A sigh escaped him, eyes settling on the crowd below him. An observer, a guardian. That was all he was.

Wilbur read from his note cards, setting up the rules of the election. All the other runners sat to the right of him, eager to give their speeches.

Schlatt raised his hand from inside the crowd, a smirk present on his features. Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

“Yes, Schlatt?”

“I say we raise the stakes. Whoever wins earns a dance with Dream during the Presidential Ball.”

Wilbur froze, tightly gripping the notecards in his hand he nearly crumbled them. Dream’s eyebrows shot up behind the mask, leaning out of his chair to properly look at Schlatt. The latter was already giving him a cool stare.

“I would also like to run for president.”

This time Dream had a coughing fit, leaning over in his chair. Wilbur ran over to make sure he was alright and the former ensured him he was fine, just caught off guard.

Wilbur cleared his throat, returning to the podium. “Well, I suppose that isn’t... against the rules in any way.” He cast a concerned look towards Dream, who waved it off. “Alright.”

Schlatt rose to the stage, sitting in his own chair. An air of smugness surrounded him as he chatted with Quackity.

The rest of the election went strangely, Coconut2020 giving great speeches but failing to give any evidence of an endorsement, Vikkstar appearing briefly to give his endorsement to POG2020. Wilbur faltered on his second endorsement, eyes darting over to Schlatt before simply shutting up. Quackity brought forward KSI of all people to endorse his group but failed in getting a solid one.

The people voted, POG2020 getting most of the votes at 45%. Last-minute, Schlatt announced how he and Quackity were pooling their votes, Quackity having rejected POG2020’s offer to. Coconut’s votes were also discounted since they discovered it was rigged, Wilbur telling off Fundy in front of the crowd.

SWAG2020 and Schlatt2020 formed SchWAG2020, votes coming in at a whopping 46%, just barely winning .

The election-goers shuffled into the grand hall of the White House, Schlatt taking his spot at the top of the staircase in the back. The building was mostly just a dressed up dance hall, the second floor being mostly open so those up top could look down on the party. At the staircase sat grand chairs for the president and his cohorts to sit and watch.

George finally showed up, taking his spot beside Quackity and Schlatt. The runner-ups lingered near the buffet table, muttering about the unfairness. Tommy and Tubbo ditched the party at some part, running off with some food to go stargazing.

Dream hung back, idly talking to Bad and Awesamdude (Mostly Dream making fun of the latter's name and him shooting back with how his name was no better). They were having a pleasant conversation about cats and how many one should own when Schlatt stepped onto the floor, gaining the crowd's attention.

"Ladies and gents, I believe we all know why we're here." His voice boomed throughout the hall. "I'd like for the man of the hour to come up!"

Bad shoved him forward, causing him to glare at the giggling demon. He tossed his cloak at him before making his way to the front.

The room fell quiet, simply taking in the sight before them. Dream discarded his hood, allowing for his hair to fly free. Of course, he kept his mask, but he ditched the usual hoodie in favour of a suit. It was a special occasion, after all. His tie was green, mirroring Schlatt's in an unexpected but welcome way.

Wilbur found himself having to look away, blush creeping all the way up to his face. Fundy and Sapnap didn't fair much better, trying to distract themselves from having their jaws hit the floor.

He had no right to look so ethereal, all the light in the room seemingly tangling itself in his hair, forming a halo around him.

Schlatt was doing better than the others. Still, he struggled to not gawk at the man- no, god- before him. His face felt warm, but he focused on the sweet voice addressing him.

"You wanted to dance?" His cheeky grin and teasing tone did *not* help anyone in the area, neither did the giggle that followed. They couldn't see the absolutely delighted smile beneath the mask, happy to have flustered the room.

Schlatt collected himself, smile returning. He took Dream's hand, pressing a kiss to his knuckles. The giggle he got was worth its weight in gold.

He wrapped an arm around his waist, guiding the other's arms around his neck and into his hand. Dream scoffed.

"I know where my arms go."

Schlatt rolled his eyes, simply pulling the other male closer. The music started and they began to dance, falling into a nice pace quickly. The rest of the hall also gathered partners, dancing along with them.

Dream tilted his head up, a challenging smile gracing his mask. "Is this your top speed? How slow."

He laughed, glancing over at the musicians. "Faster, my date's getting bored." They began playing faster, and so the competition began.

They never actually said anything about a competition, just communicated their point through sly smiles and cocky looks. One would tell the musicians to play and they'd increase their speed to match the beat, daring the other to fall out of line.

At some point, the others couldn't keep up, returning to watch the power couple dance at lightning speed. It was a dangerous game they played, the prize for winning left unsaid.

Schlatt dipped his partner, leaning in close and dropping his voice a few notches. "I could drop you."

Dream's leg shot up, hooking around his back. "If I go down, you're coming with me."

Their dance escalated to flirting in each other's ears, trying to make the other freeze up or otherwise lose the game. It went on for a good while before Schlatt won, the reason being he called Dream 'M'lady' and the other burst into his iconic wheezy laughter. It got so bad he had to break away entirely to wheeze his lungs out.

The problem with Dream's laughter was that it was contagious, which soon led to Schlatt chuckling. Before they knew it, the rest of the hall joined in. Bad and Sapnap led the giggling mess away, leaving Schlatt alone. He went back to his throne, unsure of why his heart felt strangely empty now.

Chapter End Notes

I had a lot of fun writing this chapter (Mostly because green bastard blob man found someone just as dramatic and bastard-like as him), I changed the end of the election to take place as a dance because... shut up.

Anyhoo, expect another chapter sometime later today, I'm planning on throwing The Blade into the ring ;)

An Addiction to Insanity

Chapter Summary

In which Techno is clingy and Wilbur is insane.

Chapter Notes

We reached 10,000 words! My doc really hates it, all 40 pages of it. I was very excited to have The Blade come in, and awkward clingy Blade is the best Blade.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There were several small tells that Dream used to say he trusted you.

Letting other people take off his hood, allowing you to touch the mask, having exposed skin besides his hands, even lifting his mask up so his mouth wasn't covered.

The reason Technoblade knew all that was because he was the proud owner of them all. He was also the only one allowed to hug him from behind and to pick him up without warning.

Although that probably didn't matter much when he hadn't seen the man in question in a few millennia. And was actively trying to avoid him.

He sighed, tapping his fingers on the side of the armrest. The throne wasn't the most comfortable thing in the world and his back ached from sitting down all day. Philza had gone off to start planning his coronation and he had no one else to talk to.

Techno glanced at the smaller, empty thrones beside him. His brothers had gone off to 'make a name for themselves', leaving Techno in his palace of ice. Well, he had Phil, but still.

He hoped the idiots hadn't died yet. Even if he told himself it was just because of his father's stressed mood growing every day they went without a word from the two, he had to admit he cared for his brothers dearly.

But *gods* was being a prince boring. At least kingship had paperwork or... something. He missed sparring with Will or bullying Tommy with the others. Tubbo always brought something home, whether it be a bee he found on his way back from reading lessons or some kid he picked up off the street.

So when Phil rushed into the room, brightening the room with his trademark smile most in the castle missed, he was intrigued.

Techno went over to meet him, examining the letter his father held. The handwriting was neat and to the point, Wilbur's handiwork. At the bottom was Tommy's sloppy and quick writing. A couple of bees were doodled on the page.

"I haven't read it yet, I figured we should probably read it together." His father's accent had passed onto Wilbur, somehow completely skipping the other two. And he never gave an actual answer when Techno asked, just ignoring it.

But he was getting sidetracked, as he always did. Phil handed him the letter, allowing him to open and scan it. A frown must've appeared on his face since Phil's eyes grew concerned.

"Well. They're alive. Apparently lost an election and are on the run, but they're fine." He watched the way his father's shoulders fell relaxed, some tension leaving them.

"When was it sent?" Techno squinted at the date to answer Phil's question, eyebrows arching.

"A few months."

Phil also frowned, grabbing the letter to see for himself. "Where in the world *are* they? Letters don't take that long to send.."

Techno sighed, leaning against the wall. "They're probably lost in the End or something, I doubt they could be in the Overworld-" Phil cut him off, hand flying up to silence him.

Even though it was only seconds before the older man spoke again, it felt like hours. He grew antsy. What if they were dead by now? A lot could happen in a few months. Or kidnapped. Or being tortured. Or-

“Dream.”

“... What?”

“They’re in his domain.” Phil’s voice was dark, probably eying him. He felt himself freeze, the very mention of *his* name sending thoughts and memories and fantasies flying through his head. Gods, he really was a mess.

He knew his father didn’t mind him, even if it was only one meeting so very long ago. But Phil did know Techno’s feelings about the man, probably remembering when Dream came to give Techno back his powers and he shut himself up in his room until the younger god left.

“I’ll go, you should stay here,” Phil handed him the letter, turning to return to his room. Techno placed a hand on his shoulder to stop him. His father sighed. “Techno, come on.”

“I can handle it, I promise.”

His father shook his head, dropping it. Techno was not someone you could argue with. At least, not someone to argue with for long periods of time. He was as stubborn as a mule, refusing to budge from whatever crazy position he’d taken for the day.

Techno put his hair up in a sloppy ponytail, not bothering to fix the long strands that flew into his eyes. He always denied Philza’s requests to braid it, preferring it messy. (He also did it partly because he knew it drove the older man crazy).

The two went to their respective rooms, packing everything they’d need. Techno sighed, staring at a box on his desk. Dream had sent letters for the first few hundred years, every month, like clockwork. He’d considered burning them, but he never could. The flame seemed to turn away from them, a refusal to burn the loving words he’d penned.

This was it. This would be how he got over his addiction, once and for all. Dream was a drug he wouldn’t allow himself to indulge in any longer.

One of the perks of being a god was essentially fast travel. So, when normally a journey could take months, Techno could cover it in less than a day. He also got plenty of shots at Philza's height in, resulting in threats to ground him.

The SMP was even bigger than Techno remembered it, a voice in the back of the head reminding him of its expansion every hundred or so years. The problem with its size was that one couldn't travel inside, you were teleported just outside the borders.

Techno had many skills, but he was not too skilled in *hiking*. He went out of his way to avoid it, actually. Something he was even less skilled in was directions, the bane of his existence. At least Phil could handle that part.

Once they stepped inside the border, the familiar feeling of Dream's eyes on him made him shiver. He pushed down the urge to do something impressive for him and continued on his way.

The fact that Dream didn't bother greeting them was both a blessing and a curse. He didn't want to get distracted and fall for the masked man yet again, but yet he wanted to embrace him and apologise for the years of neglect.

"All the forests look the same!" Techno threw his arms up, legs aching from the overuse.

Phil shook his head, pointing a tree that looked just slightly off. "That's our sign."

The two beelined to it, doing their best to look casual. Out of the blue, the two were tackled, familiar brown and yellow manes greeting them. Phil immediately fussed over them, demanding to know where they got their food from. The two showed him their farm, Phil relaxing.

"Are those potatoes?!" The three exchanged glances behind Techno's back, who knelt down to pet the potatoes. Little did they know, it was all he could do to distract himself from the piercing that surrounded him.

Some kind of fox-human thing emerged from the woods, who Wilbur introduced as his son.

"Your son is a furry?" Philza gave Wilbur a look, to which everyone but the fox laughed. Techno

slapped him on the back, grinning.

“Welcome to the family, you’re gonna hate it here.”

The rest of the meeting went smoothly, conversation being light and mostly full of empty words. They were all absolute garbage at small talk, often resorting to the weather conversation. Philza kept a tally of how many times they did.

Techno, feeling the heat of Dream’s stare nearly consume him, quickly made up some excuse about wanting to memorise the nearby area. He ventured deeper into the forest, waiting until he was long out of earshot to call his addiction to him.

The man jumped down from a tree branch, landing in front of him. And *oh gods, he was falling again* . He pulled Dream in for a hug, squeezing him tightly. The hood fell, revealing the blonde hair. It curled in front of the mask and Techno didn’t think his heart could take it.

Dream always seemed to smell of citrus and the forest, a sea salt tang accompanying it. It was an aroma that haunted his dreams, just out of reach. But now he was *holding him* .

“I missed you.” Dream looked up to look him in the eyes and *did he hear my heart shatter?*

Techno simply nodded, not trusting his voice to speak. The mask conveyed the raw feeling of sadness so well, he nearly teared up himself. He lifted it up, just a bit, so he could see Dream’s actual frown. The light dusting of freckles on his face greeted him.

“I’m here now, aren’t I?”

Wilbur grumbled as he trekked deeper into the forest, looking around for any sign of pink. Philza had sent him away to look for Techno, seeing as the man hadn’t returned yet.

He decided against calling out his name, wanting to surprise and scold his brother for leaving them for so long. He soon spotted the dusty fuchsia locks, heading towards it.

Techno was hugging something he couldn't quite see, but it had a cloak- *Dream* .

Wilbur stared with wide eyes as Techno hugged *his* Dream. He couldn't comprehend it, Dream didn't talk to them *at all* even after several months. And yet. Techno stood there, cradling the blonde.

To say his blood boiled was an understatement.

What was happening? Fundy still didn't know that he had found his countless love letters to Dream, all accompanied by drawings of the man. He also didn't know that he discovered their engagement *from* those letters. And now his own *brother* was competing with him.

He clenched his fists, leaving half-moons in his palms. They weren't *slick* , he could see the infatuated stares they gave Dream as he walked by, their smiles whenever he waved back.

Dream was *his*. Not Sapnap's, not Fundy's, not Schlatt's, not Techno's. *Wilbur's*. He longed to have him say his name, but the two had drifted apart since the election a few months ago. Joined Schlatt's, claiming the man 'had something Pogtopia couldn't provide'. Bullshit.

When had he started shaking? He stared at his hands, a small trickle of blood dripping from them. They quivered like a leaf in a harsh wind, betraying his fear. They were taking his Dream from him. Trying, at least.

Stealing another glance, Techno had tilted Dream's chin up and leaned in- *Did he just*.

Pure rage flowed through his veins and he had to force himself to tear his eyes away from the sight. They *must* have some form of history together, Dream would *never* willingly offer himself up to some *barbarian* .

He slid down the tree, mind racing through the possibilities. There was one occasion where a stranger entered their castle on Techno's 18th birthday. He remembered Techno ushering him away, catching a hint of green when he tried to turn around- Ah.

If Techno wanted to play dirty, they would play dirty. He ventured back to the group, saying he

couldn't find him. Wilbur had a plan, a dangerous plan. There would be a whole lot of blood on his hands, but it would be worth it.

For Dream.

Chapter End Notes

Wilbur's descent into insanity begins :)

All the boys I wanted to include have been put into the story! Let the games begin.

A God Falls (But Why?)

Chapter Summary

In which they discover a moment of weakness and Sapnap fanboys.

Chapter Notes

i stayed up all night writing three chapters, one being an entirely different fic i may start, unsure on that. i'm only publishing one right now, boooo

I swear I started writing one of these chapters thinking it would be all fluff and sunshine...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap was not having the best day to be perfectly honest. George was wasting all their resources building onto their house that was *perfectly big enough* . He'd been getting onto his nerves a lot more than he usually would, but he brushed it off as the close proximity at all times.

Callahan and HBomb made their own house across the small lake they'd set themselves up at, visiting during mealtime and anytime Dream wanted to plan. Which, now that he noticed, wasn't that often anymore. During the war against L'Manberg, he'd been adamant in taking them down, yet he seemed to have lost all that determination to fight against Schlatt this time.

During lunch, Callahan had spilled his soup all over Sapnap, forcing him to change out of his comfiest shirt. While he forgave the guy, it was still incredibly inconvenient.

To top it all off, Wilbur had shown up, along with Fundy. When he brandished his sword at them, Wilbur just brushed him off and said Dream sent them.

And then Technoblade and Philza Minecraft showed up at his house .

The Technoblade and Philza Minecraft. Knocked on his door .

Of course, he invited them in for lunch, he wasn't insane! Normally that would've made him

reconsider his mood on the day, but Punz decided to be a fanboy in front of the two, embarrassing the rest of them. While, yes, he said what they were all thinking, he *squealed* . Squealed! Luckily they seemed to take it in stride, but still! He was sure their respect for the group had gone down at *least 5%*.

He didn't even want to get into the dirty looks Wilbur was giving them the entire stay.

Suffice it to say, Sapnap wasn't having the best time.

So when Tubbo ran up to his doorstep, clearly in a panic, he was already bracing himself for the worst.

But he couldn't help but think the boy was joking or simply delusional when he sobbed that Dream had a coughing fit, collapsed, and wasn't waking up. Because it's *Dream* they were talking about here, he didn't just collapse.

Technoblade- oh wait, just Techno. He didn't like people using his middle name- Techno frowned, walking over. "Are you sure? I just talked to him a few hours ago, he couldn't possibly-"

Wilbur cut in, malice painstakingly weaved into every word he spat at the taller man. "Is that what your little adventure was, Techno? Leaving us to go talk to Dream?"

"I- It's not like that-" Techno faltered, probably realising he didn't have a good excuse. At this point, George had leaned in and whispered 'family drama' to him. While it made him laugh, it still brought into question the weird-ass family tree those guys must have.

While those two argued over whatever, Fundy had snuck out and retrieved the man. It was certainly a feat to see him carrying the taller man with Tommy trailing him, but an adrenaline rush does things to people.

And that was how he ended up here, sitting by an unconscious masked man's bedside with at least ten other people, he'd lost count after fucking *Jshlatt* burst in.

It wasn't to say he wasn't worried, he was *very* worried. The ridiculous circumstances he found himself in, however. Besides a few a coughing fits that hit Dream while he sleeping, all of which subsided as quickly as they came, making him wonder what had rendered the strongest person he

knew to... this.

Surprisingly enough, everyone stayed. While they slowly began to distract themselves from the elephant in the room, they still stole glances at Dream's sleeping form. The debate on whether or not they should take off his mask broke out a few times, although the result to keep it on always won out.

Sapnap had been reading his book when Dream awoke, shooting up in the bed. He didn't make a sound, stayed perfectly still as he surveyed the room.

"Is there a party going on I wasn't told about?" His voice and smile were weak, looking around as he attempted to get out of the bed. Sapnap gently pushed him back down, afraid he would hurt himself otherwise.

Bad started ushering people out of the house, grumbling about needing to give Dream space. Which he certainly needed. He masked his panic well, but Sapnap could tell he was doing all he could to shove it away.

He refused to elaborate on the story, only giving as much as Tommy and Tubbo did; he had a bad coughing fit and he passed out. They tried pressing for more, but Dream clammed up.

Phil had made tea for the group, Dream gratefully accepting it.

"Slippery elm tea. It's supposed to help with sore throats," Phil gave him a soft smile, gently petting him on the head. Techno silently sat on the bed, handing Dream a book.

Dream laughed, sharp and sudden in the tense atmosphere. "*The Art of War* ? Really?"

"All warfare is based on deception," Techno grinned at him as he wheezed, setting down the tea to make sure he didn't spill it.

"What does that even mean? That makes no sense in this context, you dork," he playfully punched his shoulder. "You've read that book too many times."

Sapnap forced himself to look away from the two, knowing his self-control was wearing thin. Wilbur looked like he was seconds away from snapping, eyes wide with such pure fury. He pushed him into the kitchen, barring the door.

“What are you trying to do, get out of my damn way,” Wilbur growled, low and deep in his throat. The other man towered over him, making him rethink his life choices for a good few seconds. “I need to see Dream.”

He shook his head. ‘You’re being scary, can’t allow that around someone recovering from trauma.”

Wilbur stared at him, challenging to a staring contest. Foolishly, he unknowingly accepted, gazing back into the man’s eyes.

“You’ll be next.”

He pushed past him, back into the main room. Sapnap turned to call him back in, then thought better of it. His tone was one of a man on the brink of insanity.

“What does that even mean?” he thought quietly to himself. “Next for what?”

He would shamefully admit that he shrieked when Bad appeared by him, not expecting anyone else to follow him inside.

“Oh, goodness gracious me, I’m sorry, I didn’t think you’d-” he continued apologising, then overtaken by Dream’s demands to know if he was okay.

Sapnap grabbed the wall, peeking into the next room. “I’m fine, Bad just surprised me,” he ignored the snickers from the god gang to grab a cookie from the jar Bad made, eating one. “Isn’t it crazy? We have two gods in our presence. *Two!* ”

“Your fanboy is showing,” Bad took out a bottle of water from the chest, tossing it from hand to hand. “although, you are right. Especially getting ones as passive as ours.”

Ours . His mind raced, grabbing onto that word and clinging to it. He couldn’t help but feel the

tinest bit of guilt in doing so, since Bad was probably the last one in the SMP who would even consider the accidental implication of his words.

But, *gods* did it give him a rush. He pulled a single, possessive word from it; *Mine*.

Dream would be his. It wouldn't be too hard, seeing as he seemed to be a loner type. It was a miracle the guy had any friends to begin with. Even though he was smart and pretty and clever and amazing and-

Breathe, Sapnap. Breathe. Dream had been so cold those first few months, silent in his stares. It was comforting to know that he was also a person.

He peeked back into the room, watching as Dream fell into Techno's arms. The two laughed like old friends at a reunion- Perhaps they were, seeing how well they clicked, it wouldn't surprise him.

Maybe it would be more of a challenge than he previously anticipated.

Chapter End Notes

What's funniest about this is that I have the previous chapter that actually explains this, but I decided to omit it so y'all could panic with Sapnap. It'll be fun seeing any theories you have about the green bastard blob man ;^)

There's a lot of stuff I want to include but I'm struggling with in the current storyline, namely Dream's two big speeches and dreamon stuff, I'm sure I'll find a way. This concept is really fun to work with since it can go either way at any point lmao

In Which Walls Fall Down

Chapter Summary

Also known as Wilbur being jealous and Schlatt plotting

Chapter Notes

hooooo boy, we're entering uncharted territory now. enjoy the playful flirting, it won't last long.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Schlatt fixed his tie for the umpteenth time that night, brushing dust off the expensive jacket. The tensions were unpleasant, to say the least. All his enemies had *also* gathered around to make sure Dream was alright. While the gesture was nice in theory, the result was a lot of enemy groups all tightly packed in a small area.

He craned his neck to get a view of the door to the humble house, George entering it.

Those guys should really put some thought into upsizing.

He crossed his arms, ignoring the glares he kept getting from the one loud child. That one would not leave him alone, just kept following. He didn't care enough to actually *do* anything about it, occasionally flipping the boy off.

The thing that really grinded his gears was the fact that Dream was allied with Manberg, not any of this Pogtopia crap. People kept trying to chase him off, saying he wasn't welcome there. His only response to all of them had been to whip out the treaty, waving it in their faces.

Dream left the building at some point, forming a group of bodyguards to surround him. The man laughed, waving them off, saying he could take care of himself.

He freed himself from the overbearing guards, standing alone by the edge of the forest. Now, Schlatt had an eye for the finer things in life. He also had a good eye for beauty.

And he just had to say, Dream looked *heavenly* . He always did, probably one of the perks of being a god. But when he let his hair out, tilting his mask towards the bright moonlight, someone could tell him it was straight out of a painting and he would believe them.

Schlatt sneakily made his way over, softly clearing his throat to alert the other of his location. He saw the man and took his place by his side.

“Hey,” Dream turned towards him, mask switching to a friendly smile. “you really came all this way?”

He chuckled, holding his hand out. Dream did his typical eye-roll snicker, placing his hand in Schlatt’s so he could lightly kiss his knuckles.

“You just *have* to do that every time we meet, don’t you?” His tone was teasing, trying to fluster Schlatt into spluttering an explanation. They’d danced this way before, he wouldn’t be caught off guard this time. Schlatt simply grinned, adjusting his tie again.

“I have to practice for when I kiss elsewhere, don’t I?” He winked, distantly thinking Dream smelled like moonlight reflecting in a pond. He pulled him in for a hug, not missing the bright blush and quiet embarrassed noises of the other man.

He gently traced the edge of the mask, slipping a thumb under it. He felt soft skin underneath, heating up under his touch. Oh so close...

Schlatt was unceremoniously shoved away by Wilbur fucking Soot, taking his place by Dream with such ease, he got whiplash. He huffed, making sure nothing was horribly askew before walking away. There were many things Schlatt would fight for, including Dream, but he *really* did not want to mess with the guy. He was giving his own family, his flesh and blood, death looks whenever they came near Dream.

It was best to dispose of unhinged street trash like Wilbur quietly, sweeping any carnage they had caused under the rug. Dream would forget about him soon enough, people like Wilbur weren’t ones to be remembered.

All only a matter of time.

Wilbur fussed over Dream, making Schlatt didn't leave any lasting marks. He'd been distracted for one moment over Tommy spilling his tea, and that bastard tried making a move!

He gently cupped the other's cheek, concern radiating off of every fibre in his body. "Are you alright? He didn't hurt you, right?"

Dream shook his head, frowning. "Of course not. Schlatt wouldn't hurt me."

Will sighed, hands clenching at his mention. People were all over his Dream, and that was not pleasing. He'd managed to get Fundy out of the competition for the foreseeable future by sending him to gather potion materials, including ghaſt tears. It felt very underhanded, probably because it was. He knew his ſon had trouble killing the ghaſtly things, but he was too stubborn to give it up.

If he died because of it, was that his fault?

His mouth dried, a rare moment of clarity. Was he really considering the possibility of his own *ſon* dying as a win? Sure, it would break off the engagement, but there were ſurely better ways to do it.

But... Dream ſeemed to care about him more than he thought when reading the letters, going out of his way to be affectionate with him. Yet he ſtill flirted with the other guys? Nothing ſeemed to come of it, and yet..

In the forest. With Techno. He ſaw the way the blood god ſtared longingly towards him, using the eyes he once gave a girl in middle ſchool when they were younger. Point is, Wilbur could read the man like a book.

He took Dream's hand, leading them away from the others. The man ſmiled at him, already knowing where they were heading. Wilbur had a certain ſpot he liked, a ſmall clearing far enough away that no one would accidentally ſtumble upon them.

They'd come out here a few times, quietly whispering to each other under a full moon while they slow danced to the music of the trees.

It was enchanting, it felt like no one else existed except for them in that very moment. Perhaps these nights were what slowed his declining mental state, being able to have Dream all to himself, even if only for the night.

Wilbur never really had the urge before, but it itched at him now. Cautiously, slowly, he rested a hand on the side of his face. Something just for him.

Dream got the cue, lifting his own hand to rest on Wilbur's. "You're walking a thin line."

He let out a shaky breath, smile careful and poised. "When am I not?"

They paused, simply staring at each other for several long moments. He couldn't help but be reminded of Techno and Schlatt, both who stood this intimately with him.

There was still a way he could win.

"I can count the number of people who've seen me without it on one hand, Wilbur," the mask frowned, weighing his options. "Who am I without it?"

His hands found their way to the back of Dream's head, resisting the urge to tangle themselves in his hair. Not yet, anyway.

He felt his lips turn up in a small smile. "Dream."

The nod was nearly imperceivable, almost nonexistent. His fingers felt numb, clumsy fumbling with the dumb clasps. Dream laughed, light and airy. He reached up to help the struggling man, unlatching the clasps easily.

The mask fell away.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter wasn't nearly as long as I like them to be, but the flashback scene later should balance it out. I'm working on another fic so chapters may begin getting shorter, fair warning.

Can you tell I have a soft spot for Wilbur and Dream? Also I like cliffhangers.

A Flowery Flashback

Chapter Summary

In which Dream has a mental battle over his love issues (he's got a lot of them)

Chapter Notes

i swear,,, i started off wanting to write fluff before the inevitable angst storm that awaits us,,, but then heatwaves came on,,,, and my thoughts wandered...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fundy asked Dream to take care of Tommy and Tubbo while he was off getting supplies to build a proper house. Dream agreed, lounging against a tree while the boys sat in a meadow.

Dream was a pretty good babysitter, all things considered. He'd left for ten minutes, tops. And that was when he sensed Techno alone. He still couldn't help but shiver when he thought of Techno's voice, hot and husky in his ear. Nothing actually *happened* between them, but it wasn't something he wanted the others seeing.

Tubbo ran over to show him a bee, snapping him from his thoughts of the Blood God. He was excitedly chatting about how the bee was his new friend, Richard. Tommy apparently named him, nodding when Dream asked.

The loud child came over to him after a few minutes of silence, blushing from embarrassment. He'd been trying to make flower crowns for the others but didn't know how and hadn't wanted to ask. Dream laughed, one of the genuine ones that didn't have a hint of malice or ridicule in it. He pulled Tommy down to sit with him, ruffling the boy's hair.

He took one of the less mangled ones Tommy made and fixed it, showing the boy how to weave the flowers together. He eagerly nodded along, making his own alongside.

They sat in a comfortable silence only broken by Tubbo's occasional giggles over Richard. He started making crowns with the other two once he realised what they were so focused on, learning quickly.

“You’re a natural!” Dream had remarked when he saw the boy’s finished flower crowns, praising them. Tubbo had smiled, grabbing a few dandelions.

Tommy leaned over to look at Dream, squinting at the mask. “Why do you wear that thing?”

The man leaned back, tilting his head back. He thought for a few moments, pondering over the question.

“I was made with it. I just kept it.” He shrugged, ripping up a daisy that grew beside him. Tommy didn’t seem that convinced, stretching out beside him.

“Don’t you ever take it off?”

“Sometimes, when I have to,” He faltered, mulling over his next words. “It feels like a part of me.”

He braced himself for the inevitable laughter, but Tommy just nodded thoughtfully. “Makes sense, since you’ve had it for a long time ‘n stuff.”

Dream smiled softly under the porcelain.

“You’re a good kid, Tommy.”

‘Yeah, I know,” Dream burst into wheezy laughter, holding his sides. Tommy stuck a piece of bread into his mouth, obtained from the basket of food Fundy forced them to bring, chewing it thoughtfully. “Wilbur really likes you.”

He raised an eyebrow. “What?”

“Yeah, he talks about you a lot. Even when we were fighting-” he paused, a frown growing. He stared into the distance for a long while, voice finally forming shaky words. “Dream, you... killed me. In the war.”

Dream tilted his head, forcing the mask to keep its typical face despite the concern painted on his

face, but he was sure he could hear it. It was laced, intertwined in his voice. “Well, of course, but-”

“In the control room. With Eret. That felt...” he trailed off, biting his lip. “Final. Sometimes I still wake up like I did after... *that* .”

He tore a hand through his hair, looking at Tommy with pity. He’d taken off the hood ages ago since Tubbo wanted to brush his hair.

“I thought you were against killing kids.” The words hurt, cutting through his carefully built and defended defences with such ease, akin to a knife through butter.

Dream tensed, head falling. “I am. Punz came up with the basic concept,” His voice was soft, regretful.

Tommy simply nodded. They watched the sun filter through the trees, clouds slowly covering it until it was barely visible through them. Tubbo noticed almost immediately, shielding his eyes to crane his head up.

“Don’t look at the sun, you idiot!” Tubbo whipped his head around to glare at his friend.

He chuckled, shaking his head. “Don’t be mean to each other, you two.”

The boy sitting next to him was looking at him weirdly again. Dream shifted to face him, making the mask raise an eyebrow.

“I- don’t do that, it’s really weird.” Tommy narrowed his eyes at the man’s laughs, sighing. “Did you notice?”

He stopped. What?

Tommy pointed towards the sky. The sun had been exposed in the few minutes of chatting, the light breeze that followed stopping.

The boy continued to be elusive about what he meant by that and Dream eventually gave up. He yawned, squinting up at the sun.

“It’s probably almost four, that’s when Fundy wanted me to return you.” The boys stuck out their tongues, disappointed faces blocking his way out. Dream chuckled, crossing his arms.

“I’m sure Wilbur won’t hesitate to ground you,” they groaned, rolling their eyes at him. “Come on, I don’t want him mad at me.”

They began to begrudgingly pack up their stuff when Tommy’s face lit up. Dream glanced over at him, a questioning look and head tilt forming without his permission.

He grinned back, slyly leaning closer to him. “I’ll tell you about the Wilbur thing if we can stay out here longer.”

Dream rolled his eyes from beneath the mask, trying to not show his curiosity too much. He had been wondering what was going on with Wilbur and all that, plus Tommy had no censor. He’d probably spill all the beans within five minutes and they could be on their way.

The boy pulled him down into the grass, rubbing his palms together like some evil cartoon villain.

Dream lifted up his mask to take a sip of water from the canteen he’d brought, listening to Tommy as he did.

“He talks about you in his sleep.”

He promptly spat out the water, doing a double-take towards the child. He only got a grin in response.

“Yeah, it’s weird. He’s, like, obsessed with you,” Tommy stretched, definitely noticing the mask’s blush. “I think he’s in love.”

Dream spluttered, shaking his head feverishly. “He’s not, we’re just friends!”

Tubbo sat down beside them, placing a flower crown in the masked man's hair. "What's wrong with it? You clearly like him, we've seen you two dance at night."

Wilbur insisted on showcasing how much better at dancing than Schlatt was, taking him out on several occasions to demonstrate. He was certainly a nice dancing partner, and he missed those moonlit nights, but they just weren't that compatible.

He explained that much to Tubbo, leaving out the part about enjoying the dancing. The boy shook his head, clearly not going to leave without an answer.

"Do you like someone else? Is that why?" Tommy leaned in, seeing how the question struck a nerve.

... *did he?* He really enjoyed the company of several people in the SMP, some more than others. Sapnap came to mind, although Fundy was always a joy to be around. Schlatt was also someone who was interesting to him, never a dull moment with him. Techno was someone who, even not seeing him for eons, he still clicked perfectly with. And George, of course...

George . His thoughts always circled back to him. He never really tried to explain it, just assuming they would go away at some point. Yet they stayed, even after years of the constant rejection and heartbreak.

Did he love George?

He opened his mouth to speak, to let the raging thoughts out of his head, to give them a voice. But he couldn't, why couldn't- *oh gods, he couldn't breathe, there was something in his throat and-*

Dream doubled over, holding his throat. The coughing fit overtook him, the force of it racking through his body. His vision faded at the edges, closing him on him swiftly- *He was dying, this was it. He'd never felt such excruciating pain before, he just wanted to breathe, to taste fresh air, to-*

He collapsed, all his senses shutting down at once. His thoughts had gone into overdrive, screaming out George's name over and over in his head.

GeorgeGeorgeGeorgeGeorgeGeorgeGeorgeGreoge , save me .

He continued trying to claw at his throat, whatever was obstructing his airflow growing with each taunting mention of George.

He thought he could hear someone calling his name, so far in the distance. But who? Did he care?

The sharp scent of pollen was his only friend, overbearing in its intensity.

He just wanted the pain to end, to breathe. Was that too much to ask?

Then, graciously, numbness swept the pollen and any faint traces of light away. He normally would try and fight it, to stay awake, but going back was too painful and here it was peaceful.

Dream quietly apologised before allowing the darkness to completely overtake him.

Chapter End Notes

I am now realising that not everyone is acquainted with what this chapter is referencing, so that'll be fun. I know I didn't explicitly say, but I added in extra clues when going back to make sure I didn't make any gaping mistakes

Fundy and Sapnap will play a bigger role in the coming chapters, I promise

Will He, Won't He? Spare a Glance?

Chapter Summary

In which it is revealed

Chapter Notes

The calm before the storm has started to lift...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno anxiously glanced around the surrounding area, eyes scanning for any sign of his brother or Dream. Neither of them had been seen for at least half an hour, and everyone was getting antsy. A few people went on patrols to search for them, worried they had gotten lost or were hurt.

He doubted it. Dream was perfectly capable of taking care of himself, and even if Wilbur wasn't the best at fighting, he could hold his own. He'd even won a few duels against the Blood God himself, although all had been with some level of handicap.

He hated the only other option that he could think of. He hated the way jealousy boiled under his skin. He longed to call his blade and spar his feelings away but that wasn't an option right now.

Schlatt was standing near him, looking rather out of place in his three-piece suit. He realised he probably wasn't faring much better, still in his robes.

"Wilbur took 'im, went over there," the man lightly tapped his shoulder, pointing towards the woods. "Would've gone after them if I'd know they'd be gone this long."

Techno nodded, giving the man a diamond before walking off. It would be stupid of him to go alone, not wanting to get hopelessly lost. These woods weren't ordinary, they twisted and turned, goading you into falling deeper in their trap.

A dumb, stupid, selfish part of him wanted to get lost on purpose, just so Dream could rescue him.

His father's cough cleared his treacherous head of its thoughts. Phil was lecturing Tommy on how to properly drink and not spill tea when he noticed Techno.

"Are you going to look for them?" Phil offered him a cup, to which Techno accepted. He learned a long time ago that rejecting Philza's tea was a death wish.

"Yeah, I just wanna get a couple people to help me." Phil nodded, taking a sip from the tea cup.

They both turned to watch the others. The crowd had mostly dissipated, forming into small coalitions to look for the missing two. The biggest one being the already-existing Dream Team, all except Dream joining them. Bad and Antfrost chatted anxiously, Sapnap trying to calm the two.

Techno sighed, looking for any others. "Not them. Too excitable," he heard Phil laugh behind him.

He eventually settled on asking Eret to accompany him. They gave him a thumbs up, grabbing a bag before heading over.

"I feel so honoured!" she grinned, clearly teasing. "I get to accompany *the* Technoblade on his quest!"

Techno waved him off, smile betraying him. "Now, now, I should be the one excited to see you! You're king of the SMP, afterall."

He felt someone tap on his shoulder, spinning around to see Sapnap sheepishly smiling. The man shrunk back upon Techno's gaze settling on him, ice cold.

"I need to talk to you."

Techno faltered, frowning. He hadn't interacted with Sapnap besides the small introduction inside, but beyond that, the two mostly avoided each other throughout the course of the night. "About what?"

"Wilbur."

Sapnap walked awkwardly alongside Techno, feeling incredibly self-conscious all of a sudden. The man was far taller than he was and could probably crush him easily.

He insisted on walking away from the others to talk, telling Eret he had some business to attend to. He stopped suddenly, turning to him. "Talk."

He cleared his throat, feeling the anxiety creeping up his shoulders. He had to talk quickly, lest Techno lose interest and walk away.

"Wilbur- It's, uh. He said something really weird," he stumbled over his words, desperately trying to get his thoughts out coherently. "Something like 'you'll be next' or... somethin'."

He probably looked horribly stupid, but Techno just nodded. "Not out of the ordinary necessarily, but it's never a threat. Usually just talks about eatin' sand."

"Wilbur eats sand?"

"Long story," Techno pat him on the back. "I can tell it to you on the way."

He *knew* he must've been smiling like an idiot the entire way, but to be fair, *the* Technoblade was telling him a story about his brother eating sand. That's at least worth a dumb smile, right?

Maybe not, but still.

Sapnap managed to make the guy laugh by retelling all the times George nearly burnt down the house with various objects, the feeling of pride blossoming in his chest. Gods, he really was becoming a sap, wasn't he.

It continued like that for a while, exchanging stories and small tidbits of information. Apparently frogs can jump over 20 times their own body length.

They both heard the distance wheeze of a tea kettle laugh and paused. Techno pointed in the direction they heard it from, exchanging nods before both cautiously approaching.

He immediately recognised the forms of Dream and Wilbur, sitting across from them in a clearing. They sat by a small brook, splashing water on each other. Dream was laughing like he'd just heard the best joke in the world when Sapnap noticed the mask sitting a few feet away from the couple.

Wait- Dream's mask was off. Like. *Off* off. Not even lifted off his face, plain gone.

Techno noticed the same thing, he was just slightly less expressive than Sapnap. He heard the other muttering curses and talking about the possibility of any danger. But the fact they both seemed entirely comfortable threw him off.

While the brook was small, it was still sizable in comparison to the area. They were too far away for him to make out any details, just noticing the glint of a potion bottle and Wilbur's sharp laugh.

Sapnap scowled, fingers digging into the bark of a tree. That was their *enemy* Dream was conversing with, being all buddy-buddy. Wilbur pulled Dream in, hugging him. He wanted to gag.

An arm shot out in front of him before he could move out of the forest, shooting a glare at the man stopping him.

"We need to be careful, Sapnap," his voice was low, dangerous. Sapnap shut down any complaints he wanted to say, realising it was wiser to shut up and let Techno do the heavy lifting. He heard a satisfied grunt from the god, motioning for him to follow along the edge of the forest.

Once they were what he deemed close enough, Techno stepped out of the bush. "Dream, Wilbur."

The pair stilled, Dream immediately scrambling to put on his mask. The weight of Wilbur's glare made him shiver, stepping behind Techno. The man helped the other clasp the mask, a sigh of relief being released.

Techno circled the two as they stood, pausing to stand in front of Wilbur.

“We were all worried sick.”

Wilbur scoffed, eyes narrowing. “Can I not be with someone in private anymore? We haven’t even been gone for long.”

“Maybe not, but you still went off without a word!” the blood god gestured wildly, rubbing his temples. “We wouldn’t have known if you’d gotten hurt..”

The brothers continued to argue over it, barely noticing when Dream began backing away. He snapped, doing finger guns.

“You two have your family drama, I’m out,” probably a good idea on his part. Sapnap nodded, running over to join him. Best to get out before they start yelling.

Wilbur started to go after them but was stopped by Techno. Their voices began to rise in the distance as Dream and Sapnap hurried away from the scene.

“So... what were you doin’ with Will?” Dream turned to look at him curiously. “Y’know. Our enemy.”

Sapnap crossed his arms, pressing his mouth into a thin line. The more he thought about it, the worse it became. The *enemy*. And he was just sitting with him! There didn’t seem to be a reason why he would run off with him and leave the rest of them without so much as a warning.

“The masked man sighed, adjusting the porcelain. “We were talking, Sapnap. We’re friends.”

“But that’s our enemy, Dream! Not only the enemy, but the leader-” Dream raised a hand, sighing.

“I’m not going to stop being friends with someone because of a stupid war,” he mumbled the last words, glancing away. “You tolerate the other Pogtopian’s presence, he was just worried about me.”

He let out a frustrated noise, covering his face. “The *other* Pogtopians don’t just run off with my leader! He could’ve asked you when we were with the others, it’s not like he had to whisk you away.”

“Sapnap, why do you care so much? It’s not a problem,” Dream’s words gained an edge, cutting into him.

Why did he care so much? *Because I love you* .

“Because I care about you, Dream. He could’ve hurt you, he’s clearly not very stable.”

Dream winced, tugging his cloak closer. “He’s harmless. Wouldn’t hurt me. Just having a hard time right now.”

“Can you not see it? He could’ve been leading you away to kill you or- or something!” the words tumbled out quicker than he could stop them, forming a river of his frustration. “Sure, you’re not Schlatt, but you’re a very big reason why he’s so formidable!

“I just... I really don’t want you hurt. Everyone else was worried, too. Wilbur is unpredictable right now,” His shoulders fell, taking deep breaths. Dream slowly nodded.

“Everyone?”

“Yeah, we were all looking for you,” He studied the moonlight, the way it tangled in threads around Dream’s hair. *Angel* .

Dream paused. “Even George?”

He forced a smile, not missing the way Dream’s voice lifted in a rare moment of childlike hope. “Of course, idiot. You’re like, his best friend.”

He was happy for him. Really, he was. Dream found someone who made his heart flutter and laugh louder, much like he himself did to Sapnap. Yet... it still hurt. The jealous part of him wanted to be George, be the reason why he smiled.

But he couldn't be.

Still, he could damn well try.

There was still something clawing at him, something eating him up inside. "Your mask. It was off."

That seemed to hit a chord inside of Dream, seeing as he slowed and thought very carefully about his next words. "Yeah. Yeah, it was. Can we drop it."

He knew that pushing it would ultimately make the man mad at him. Perhaps he could 'accidentally' mention it to the others, although that made the pit of guilt inside his stomach swell at the very thought.

"Alright," he hummed, thinking of something lighthearted. "so what's with you and green?"

The grateful smile he received and excited chatting was worth the heartache. No matter who Dream ended up with, he would still love him unconditionally. Watching the man rave about green was payment enough.

The moon had moved quite a bit since they'd last seen the four who left. It was probably around midnight when they'd last seen Dream and Will, and now it was about one in the morning.

Techno and Sapnap had left a while ago and hadn't returned yet. Fundy frowned. Both his father, uncle, and fiancé were missing and showed no signs of coming back anytime soon.

"Y'know, I just met my uncle, it would suck if he died," Bad spat out his water, choking. "Barely knew the guy."

"Fundy, that's not--"

He shrugged, looking towards the forest. He perked up upon seeing a flash of dark green, already running towards it when Dream emerged. His fiancé was clearly unprepared for the surprise hug, yelping when they crashed to the ground.

“Babe!” Fundy grinned, lightly kissing the mask’s cheek. It blushed. He smelled faintly of flowers, which was strange for him, but he brushed it off as him being near them recently.

Sapnap looked towards the two with a frown. “Babe?”

He stood and helped Dream up, brushing them both off. Dream had tensed and was currently looking anywhere but the people staring at them, but he chalked it up to being nervous.

“Yeah, we’re engaged.”

The world *stopped* . Froze, completely. George looked between the two, eyebrows shooting up in surprise. “And you never told us?”

“I thought he was joking but then he actually started going through with it-” He unconsciously hugged Fundy closer, petting him.

George nodded, a look of distaste flicking across his features. Sapnap walked away, quietly muttering about getting away from the rest of the people closing in on the fiancés.

They were bombarded with questions about when it happened, when the wedding would be, their plans for the future. Fundy happily answered them all, shielding Dream from them. The other man chuckled nervously, uncomfortably shifting his weight.

He lightly tapped Fundy’s shoulder. “Can we not do this here?”

“Oh. Alright,” Fundy took his gloved hand in his, swinging it around. “Have we overstayed our welcome?”

Dream cleared his throat, looking over at Sapnap. “I believe so. We are still in a war, afterall.”

He reluctantly let go of his hand, allowing him to go back over to George, ignoring the way Dream lit up while talking to him. They were just friends. He held Dream’s heart, they wouldn’t be engaged otherwise, right?

Wilbur and Techno came back shortly, taking the attention off of Fundy and back onto them, questioning where they went and why they looked beat up. He strolled over, joining in the interrogation.

“We sparred,” Techno’s deadpan put an end to that question, waving away the other claims. “Give us some space.”

Wilbur seemed uninterested, playing with the frayed edges of his coat. “We should probably leave.”

“Yeah, yeah, a war’s going on,” the corners of the blood god’s mouth twitched up. “Lemme make sure Dream will be okay.”

Dream came over to them first, wishing them a good journey and his goodbyes. “I’ll be fine, I have the others in case anything else happens. You all should be leaving, whatever agreement was made will probably lose effect soon.”

The cloying smell of flowers surrounded him, overpowering the usual soft hints of the forest and sea. It was like the scent from before, now stronger. His voice sounded strained and sore, he figured it from talking all night.

“You smell like flowers,” Wilbur remarked, crouching down to pick a daisy, spinning it in between his thumb and index finger.

“Wilbur, have you been smelling me?” the mask raised an eyebrow, and Fundy laughed. “That’s a little creepy.”

The man playfully scowled, rolling his eyes. He slowly plucked the petals from the flower, mouthing words as he did. “Maybe he’s wearing perfume. Dream, are you?”

The man in question chased them off, waving as they headed back to the base. Fundy walked with a bounce in his step, unaware of his father's piercing stare. Perhaps that was for the best.

It would kill him slowly otherwise.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be purely angst from Dream's POV. I was listening to angsty songs, I'm sorry

Love Blossoms (In More Ways than One)

Chapter Summary

In which Dream tries to run, Techno is a mother, and Wilbur gets more obsessive.

Chapter Notes

I feast on tears.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream lied through grit teeth and forced smiles, carefully plotted facades and cautious words. He kept his true intentions and feelings under lock and key, making sure no one else knew. His walls were kept high and secure, keeping out anyone who tried to enter.

He couldn't breathe.

It started all small, simple, moments where a few minutes of a sharp pain in his chest and just a bit too long without air was the most extreme it got. His throat ached all the time and breathing hurt, but he could manage.

Then it all boiled over, all his rules and safety guards going out the window in a moment of weakness. Dream never wanted to black out, hardly ever slept. It created holes in his defences.

And now he was here. It started getting harder and harder to manage, different things making it flare up.

He couldn't think of George anymore.

One of the worst things was the dreams. He'd dream of him, dark hair tousled from the wind with leaves sticking out. Unfortunately, they made the flowers bloom, waking him with blood and petals. The very sight of the man made him nearly double over.

His mask had to be cleaned often, lest someone notice the way streaks of red and pink painted the

inside. His lungs screamed with the slightest bit more activity than simply walking around his domain.

At least he was smart. He could make up excuses at the drop of a hat, always answering inquiries about his whereabouts with a quick-witted response.

Talking to George was always a struggle, keeping their conversations as brief as he could make them. Sappnap, rather surprisingly, didn't push why that was. What he did push, however, was why Dream had stopped staying with them.

The blood, the flowers, the *screaming*. He couldn't stay in that house, not with George, and certainly not where they could come in at any moment and see him and the flowers.

But, of course, the world didn't stop for him. He always had at least three people vying for his attention at a time whenever he did appear, Fundy and Wilbur being the main culprits. Clingy bastards.

Most people just thought he was sick, saying he was too prideful to admit it. Oh, if only they knew.

He *couldn't* tell anyone. That was a death wish. While he had rounded all the books that mentioned the disease and its causes, he couldn't be sure no one had a copy or already had previous knowledge about it. Even so, anyone mentioning it was caused by unrequited love would ruin him. He was *engaged*, meaning Fundy couldn't be the culprit.

Gods, he was an unfaithful bastard. His treacherous heart still fluttered with any mention of George, only to promptly blossom with flowers and choke him.

Dream loved Fundy, he really did. He would gladly marry the man and live out his days together peacefully, if not for George existing. Which brought up even more problems, all tangling together to make the mess that is Dream's love life.

See, he loved a lot of people. George, Wilbur, Fundy, Sappnap, Schlatt, Techno- That was a lot of people to have conflicting feelings when you were engaged. And at war with half. What a mess.

He got overwhelmed easily with stuff like this, not wanting to reveal things that he shouldn't. So, he vanished.

That isn't to say he didn't plot it out very carefully and weigh out the pros and cons. While vanishing would cause worry, it meant he could properly clear his head without worry of people discovering him. It was almost laughably easy to buy himself a few weeks; simply telling Schlatt he thought he was sick and would need a week or two to recover. The man bought it, telling him to get better soon.

That simple to get away from it all.

It would be rather irresponsible of him to just lie out in the open forest where anyone could find him, so he devised a plan.

He didn't want to completely leave the charted territory he knew so well, and he definitely didn't want to leave the others completely alone, so he stayed in the large forest surrounding all the nations.

The thing with domains is that you know everything that goes on inside one- The drip of water from a leaf into a small puddle, the exact placement of a fallen twig, where buried treasure lies. Of course, you had to really focus to get the finer details, but it could be done.

He found a clearing deep in the woods he liked and set up shop there. It was close enough to a lake that he didn't have to go far for water and had enough large trees he could perch from and feel safe among.

Dream would focus really intently for a few moments, watching for any trace of a person. If he didn't find any, he'd continue going about his day. And that worked for a while, up until he suspected they started getting suspicious.

He really shouldn't have been surprised, knowing how determined the people who settled there were. It was a moonless night, and he was by the lake, washing his mask and drying it with his cloak.

His cloak had a considerable amount of blood and dirt stains on it, so he took it off and washed it. His gloves and tool belt were on a rock, up and away from any potential splashage.

Winters in Dream SMP were particularly brutal if you weren't in any hot biome. It wasn't like it snowed heaps, but it got rather cold and there was usually a light dusting of powdery snow. While

normally he'd have an extra week to do his thing in private, the freezing temperatures probably increased the worry, so it was no wonder someone found him that night.

The lake water was freezing, numbing his poor hands while trying to clean off the stains on his cloak. The turtleneck he wore offered little protection since it was also wet, clinging to his skin and chilling him.

It was ridiculous, a god in his own domain getting frostbite and hyperthermia. He was against doing anything drastic, like changing the weather to something extremely different just for his benefit or spawning in materials. It was the more 'quality of life' items he cheated for, or if someone close to him wanted something.

"Dream?" he snapped his head over to the voice, finding Techno approaching him. A hand flew up to make sure his mask was still in place, cool porcelain meeting it. "What're you doin'?"

Dream opened his mouth to answer, a sneeze interrupting him. Techno dropped down to sit by him, pulling him away from the lake.

"Don't mother me-" A cape was set over his shoulders, the man latching it on him. "Techno, come on."

He was chided by the older god, bundled up in the cape. Begrudgingly, he sank into it, comforted by the fleece lining it. Dream yelped as Techno picked him up, kicking his legs.

"You're freezing, need to warm up."

Dream sighed beneath the mask, leaning into the man's warmth. He could feel the flowers, ready to bloom in his throat and completely expose what was going on.

A cough escaped his lips, wincing as more followed involuntarily. Techno's worried gaze ate him up inside. He went limp, allowing the blood god to whisk him away. The flowers ate up all his energy, leading him into the numb that was sleep.

Wilbur needed TNT. A lot of it.

Tommy and Tubbo ran around the fields, chasing a butterfly. He smiled fondly upon them, thoughts swapping rapidly between the childish joy before him and the idea of blood and gore everywhere, Manberg nothing more than a crater.

Hopefully it would kill Schlatt. And Sapnap. And George. And whoever else was trying to take his Dream. Fundy could be dispatched peacefully, but Techno would need some planning to take down.

He didn't doubt his brother would try and take Dream from him, to the contrary, actually. Techno had gone off to look for the man, enlisting him to keep Manberg away.

Fool.

Wilbur sighed, looking up at the cloudy sky. Techno left last night and still wasn't back, he could only hope the man somehow met his end in the woods.

There were certain weapons, enchanted with a book that had the secret to be able to kill the gods themselves. Having such a weapon was incredibly rare and valuable, most of them locked away. But Wilbur had an idea of where he could obtain one.

Of course, the trouble would be controlling himself and holding back from murdering the bastard as soon as he got his hands on one and waiting until the day of reckoning.

He leaned back, mulling over his plan. 2b2t was a difficult place to contact, let alone get anything from, but it was his best bet. It was a frequent hotspot for supernatural beings of all types, including gods. A lot of them were young and nihilistic, so he had no doubts that at least a few of them carried godslayer weapons. Killing people was a pastime in that place.

Philza had been there at some point, he remembered his father telling stories of his conquests to him whenever he requested, never tiring of them. He wouldn't go there himself, not for a million of anything.

He already sent word to a friend of his who had several contacts, including ones who conquered 2b2t. While they hadn't gotten back to him, he was sure it would be soon.

Philza would be disappointed. Tommy would probably cry. He'd be cast out, banished. But did it matter?

Dream would understand what he had to do. He'd run away with him, throwing away his mask and all the responsibilities it carried with it. They'd be happy, together. Forever. He would achieve that fantasy, be able to hold his Dream in his arms until the end of time. Death would never do them part.

He would do anything for him.

Chapter End Notes

hey,,, i wrote another thing,,, it's even more angsty and it's short. be glad i channeled my angst into that instead into all of this, because...

For everyone asking about endgame ships: I have an ending in mind I quite like, and I'll have to see if any ships are able to make it. I use a basic outline for each chapter and kinda let my hands take over, so it's still up in the air.

A Discovery and Chat

Chapter Summary

In which flowers and blood costarred in.

Chapter Notes

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno was not one to be *nervous* . He was regal, above all the rest in pure skill. But for some *gods forsaken reason* , Dream was able to set butterflies off inside him. The man was currently resting in Techno's most comfortable armchair, his cape and several of his best blankets forming a nest around him.

He'd rejected Dream's numerous offers to come over and share the blankets, saying he should have the whole armchair. Techno sat on the floor, stoking the fire.

"Are you sick?" he glanced up at the chair. "You keep coughing." He forced his voice to keep the familiar monotone, not wanting to betray his emotions, though it was far too late for that.

Dream shook his head, sinking deeper into the pile. Techno stood, mumbling about getting him some food. He spotted red flower petals resting on the top blanket. When had those gotten there?

He brushed them off, startling when the side of his hand came away wet, streaked with blood. The petals were white.

"You weren't supposed to do that," Dream's laugh was weak, blending into another coughing fit.

Now he was faced with the dilemma of not wanting Dream to cough into his mask that restricts airflow pretty well and also respecting the man's privacy and choice to not show his face.

An idea struck him, not exactly one he *liked* , but it was probably his best bet. “You’re comfortable with Wilbur seeing your face, right?”

“Yeah?”

He sighed. “I’ll get him. You need to take the mask off so you can breathe properly,” Dream started to protest, but he was already out the door. “I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

The cold air hit him like a truck once he was out the door, grimacing as he pulled his tunic tighter. Probably wasn’t the best idea to leave any winter gear behind, but he knew Wilbur wasn’t too far.

Wilbur was taking a walk when he found him, a cold glare greeting him. He ignored it, walking over to whisper to him.

“Dream’s not doing too well, coughing a lot. I know you’ve seen him without the mask, and-”

“Did you do something to him?” Techno didn’t expect his brother’s voice to be so harsh, practically spitting out the words. He frowned, shaking his head.

“Course not. I’m asking you for help, you should know that means it’s bad.”

Wilbur seemed to notice the insult, rolling his eyes. “I need to make sure you’re not doing anything to him.”

The man pushed away from him, stubbornly walking in the direction Techno came from. He followed at a distance, calling out where to make a turn and when to stop so he could dismantle a trap he’d laid.

They didn’t talk much, walked in a tense silence. He wistfully thought of different times, when they were as inseparable as Tubbo and Tommy. Times changed, however, and they grew distant. It couldn’t be helped, he supposed. No use in dwelling on the past.

Techno let Wilbur inside his base, directing him to the room Dream rested in. It was towards the back and probably the most comfortable place in the base meant strictly for business.

He closed the door, reading in another room on the other side of the base. Techno didn't want to intrude on them or hear something private, but he still caught bits and pieces of sentences, snippets of words. Dream's lovely laugh echoed like music throughout the small base, and he realised he was leaning in that direction.

Downright shameful. He was so selfish when it came to Dream, wanting to hold him until the sun god got tired and the world stopped spinning. He didn't deserve to, but he wanted to.

He couldn't have him. He *shouldn't* have him. What kind of person abandons their friend for hundreds of thousands and returns just to make them fall for you again? The selfish side of him whispered that Dream loved him back, and that if he only made the first move...

No. He wouldn't. Besides, Dream was already engaged, with his *nephew*. It would be even worse if he tried to capture his heart once again.

Wait.

Techno flipped through the pages of his book, scanning through the words. Hanahaki is caused by unrequited love. *Un* requited love. And Dream was engaged.

Oh. Oh no. *Oh no*.

**Down the halls, to the room. He covered his eyes, opening the door.

"Dream, we need to talk."

Schlatt rested his chin in his hand and, with a sigh, used his rook to checkmate Punz's king for the fifth time that night. The other man gave him a pitying smile, patting him on the back before leaving the office.

He usually played chess with Dream to end the day, the masked man usually winning by pulling some trick out of his sleeve. It was entertaining to say the least, Dream's wheezy laugh every time he crushed Schlatt in a game making the troubles of the day ease just that bit.

But Dream had disappeared. To where? He had no clue. All he knew was that he was apparently sick and was now gone.

It was strange to say it united the two sides, but it really had. His disappearance was worrying, postponing any major battles they had planned until he was found. Aside from a few minor skirmishes, the two groups were actually getting along- somewhat. It wasn't like Schlatt could just waltz into Pogtopia's territory and not expect any swords pointed at his throat.

Which was why he shouldn't be waltzing into Pogtopia's territory, especially without any of his weapons or armour. But, hey, you only live once, right? Besides, he had backup hiding.

A sword was immediately pressed against his throat, belonging to a very familiar face. Schlatt smiled, gently pushing the blade away.

"Tommy, kid, why're you out here alone? Where's Tubbo- oh, wait," Tommy's shoulders sank, eyes softening with sadness as he took his sword away. "I need'ta talk to Wilbur."

Tommy shook his head, shrugging. "He left sometime around noon yesterday. Haven't seen him since."

He didn't exactly know why he began laughing, filling the empty space with the mean-spirited chuckle. "Well that's no good. Can't have two people vanishing on us now, can we?" He cracked his knuckles, glancing behind the child.

"I'll wait until he gets back."

And he did. He sat against a tree, and waited. Tommy stared at him for a good five minutes before cautiously sitting down, claiming to have stayed to watch him. Punz and Sapnap sat on the tree branches above them and Niki came out to stare at them from a distance.

He really should count his lucky stars that Wilbur *did* return, along with his best warrior. And Technoblade.

Dream had briskly walked out of the forest, followed closely by the two brothers. They froze upon seeing the small group's stakeout. Dream did keep talking, albeit more tense than before.

Schlatt frowned. The man's signature cloak was gone and he was simply wearing a turtleneck with a trenchcoat on. Wilbur's trenchcoat. He got to his feet, about to ask Dream what in the hells was going on when the other man spoke up.

"This time tomorrow. We fight," his voice was surprisingly low, dark undertones coating them. "Need to make up for the time I was gone."

Wilbur's scowl was deep, focused on Schlatt. His eyes were cold, an emotion he couldn't place scribed on them. They were the eyes of an innocent man on death row, staring at his persecutor with hatred.

Schlatt knew those eyes very well.

He turned to Dream, concern taking over the minor spike of satisfaction he briefly felt. "What's going on, why are you-"

A finger pressed against his lips, a quiet 'shhhh' escaping Dream's own. His head was tilted up to meet Schlatt's eyes, the mask's smile chilling him to his very bone.

"Let me handle this."

Now, he was a man who lied about his emotions. So he would admit; that was hot. He was very aware of the heat in his face, watching as Dream walked off into the forest. He hated to see him go, but loved to watch him leave.

Techno stared at the ground, the skull mask he wore obscuring any emotion Schlatt might've been able to decipher. What he *was* able to decipher, however, was the rage cooling in Wilbur's eyes, replaced with a slight fondness and a hint of fear.

That described how most felt about Dream. The rest in the group had wide and terrified eyes, tugging at Wilbur and Techno and pulling them away. He noticed Sapnap's adoring gaze towards

the leaving figure and made a mental note to dispose of that one after he got rid of Wilbur. Wouldn't be hard to stage, maybe just pay off the blood god to slay him.

He caught up to Dream, putting an arm around his waist to stop and pull him in. Dream was just short enough that he could comfortably rest his chin in his golden locks. Strangely enough, he smelled strongly of flowers and iron.

“We should prepare,” Schlatt nodded in agreement, stepping beside the man and offering a hand. Dream took it, leading him back towards their base.

It was stupid, but he was looking forward to their game of chess for the night.

Chapter End Notes

Pretty short, needed to get this out quick lmao

Dreamon Hunting (Small Bonus Chapter)

Chapter Summary

:)

Chapter Notes

got distracted watching Karl's stream while writing lmao

kinda short, just wanted this out and to write some fluff-related stuff.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fundy was usually the one entrusted with Tubbo and Tommy, Wilbur often stating it was because “He was the most responsible”, but he was pretty sure it was because they all lived together. The walls around ‘new’ L’Manberg were growing fast and Tubbo wanted to escape from them, at least for a few hours. Tommy often tagged along just because, but Fundy knew he was really just embarrassed about hanging out with them.

On this specific day, Tommy caught a cold, unable to go out with the others on their adventures. He’d yelled at them to bring him back something, so now the two were on a hunt for something Tommy would deem acceptable.

“I’m bored,” Tubbo picked up a large stick, brandishing it at Fundy. “Can we take a break?”

Fundy nodded, snatching the stick away from the younger boy, ignoring his dismay. “Yeah, sure. Anything specific you wanna do?”

He snapped the stick in half to throw it into the river around L’Manberg, turning back to Tubbo. He was deep in thought, eyebrows furrowed in concentration. Fundy smiled softly.

“Oh, oh, Tommy and I play a game called ‘Dreamon Hunters’!”

“Dreamon hunters? Like- demons, you mean?”

Tubbo shook his head. “No, *DREAM* -on hunters. They’re like demons, but. Dream,” he motioned behind him, startling Fundy half to death when he realised Dream was there, watching. “We read it in a book Wilbur has.”

He slowly nodded, waving slowly to the man. Dream simply stared back, disappearing into a nearby patch of shadows.

“-species, I don’t know if Dream is actually- Are you listening to me?” He turned back to face Tubbo, laughing nervously.

“I got distracted. You were saying?”

Tubbo rolled his eyes, shaking his head disapprovingly. “Scatterbrain. Anyway, the book said there’s a bunch of different kinds of them. I don’t actually know if Dream is one.”

Dreamon, huh? Rather interesting name. Makes you think of a certain someone. “Highly suspicious.”

The boy shrugged, pulling out a golden sword and handing it to him. Fundy took it, examining the blade. Shiny, but rather malleable and dull. Wilbur always said they reminded him of a king he knew, a faraway look in his eyes and a wistful smile whenever he saw one.

“Dream’s been humouring us, I think. Still won’t talk to us, but he kinda plays along. Maybe.”

He frowned, flicking Tubbo. The boy recoiled, rubbing his forehead where the pain was. “Why’d you do that?”

“He’s dangerous, don’t talk to him,” Fundy crossed his arms, glancing around. “We shouldn’t even *be* here.”

Tubbo sighed. “Come on, just live a little,” he waved his arms around. “He’s not that bad!”

He grabbed the small child's arm, dragging him away from the tree line. Wasn't going to risk having Dream become provoked and attack them, which was something becoming increasingly common the more L'Manberg grew.

The boy pulled away, crossing his arms with a huff and turning in the direction of Dream. The masked man stood a good distance away, still too close for comfort.

"Dream!" Tubbo ran over, happily waving to the man. Fundy stared suspiciously as the foreboding mask morphed into a small one, arm extending from the dark green fabric to ruffle Tubbo's hair. He tilted his head at the fox-hybrid, shoulders shaking. A laugh?

Cautiously, he stepped over. He didn't *seem* dangerous, but that was how you got hurt.

A hat was pulled from underneath the cloak, fondly placed on Tubbo's head with another laugh. The look of happiness in the boy's eyes was enough to melt his heart, begrudgingly nodding towards Dream.

So, he allowed it. Let Tubbo play with the 'Dreamon' while he watched from afar. It wasn't much of a meeting, the two barely acknowledging each other outside of Tubbo. He had to somewhat respect the man for being gentle with the young boy, allowing him to swish his cloak.

"Dreamon! Begone!" Tubbo opened a book, pointing the pages at him. Dream feigned pain, taking a step back and putting his hands up.

It was fun for a long while, bee boy chasing the masked man around the area, laughing ringing out in the air.

Then everything went wrong.

Tubbo paused to catch his breath, opening the book back up to read through it again. Fundy came over to stand by him, leaning over his shoulder. "What're you looking for?"

"Dunno," he flipped through it, settling on a page. "Do you have a hoe?"

“I mean... what kind-” Tubbo punched him in the shoulder, giggling. “Yeah, Wilbur was forcing me to as a punishment earlier.”

He took out the iron hoe, swinging it around playfully. Dream took a wary step back, motioning for him to put it away. Fundy frowned, glancing at Tubbo.

“Just, till the area around you,” he did so, watching as Dream physically recoiled from the area. Tubbo slowly blinked, reading through the page again and again, looking up with wide eyes. “Dreamon.”

He flinched back again as Fundy tilled a path over, allowing Tubbo to move over and sit down at the end.

“Dreamon.”

Dream slowly sat as well, making sure he was far enough away from the path to be safe. It was the first time Fundy saw him actually somewhat scared, or at least agitated, besides the L’Manberg stuff. It was strange, he paced outside the walls, disappearing whenever someone got close or called to him.

Tubbo then asked a flurry of questions, to little avail. The man couldn’t answer any of them that didn’t have a clear ‘yes’ or ‘no’ answer or required elaboration. Even then, he sometimes just wouldn’t respond and kept them hanging.

Dream was visibly agitated, shifting around and looking away every chance he got. The boy reached out, fingertips grazing the cloak. The man jumped up, backing away quickly.

“Dream-” Tubbo called out, regret etched in his voice. He disappeared into the forest, the boy’s shoulders slumping down. Fundy came over to comfort him, pulling him into a hug.

What an enigma. He was so close to actually talking to the guy, and yet he disappeared, the chance slipping through his fingers like sand in an hourglass. Focusing on making Tubbo feel better, he rubbed his back, unconsciously singing quietly. The talent was picked up from his father who also sung whenever he became upset.

“You have a nice singing voice,” he looked down at Tubbo, arching an eyebrow. “You should do

it more often.”

A beat passed. “Maybe I should.”

Chapter End Notes

So,,, finally noticed the archive tags lmao?

Let's play two truths and a lie: This won't factor into the story at all, I'm a liar, people won't die in this story. :)

Goodbyes.

Chapter Summary

In which they break.

Chapter Notes

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The grindstone whirred to life as Sapnap sharpened his sword, George working on cutting stone into slabs for the new storage shack.

“Gogy, we’re in the middle of a war,” He tilted his head back, wincing when he nearly struck his fingers with the stone. George laughed.

“You’re doing it wrong.”

Sapnap scoffed, examining the blade. “How would you know? You don’t even fight in the war.

“I was down here when Punz was doing it, he was a lot more practiced than you. *And* he didn’t almost crush his fingers,” the teasing grin annoyed him to no end. “Maybe you should get him to help.

“You’ve been down here for so long- Dream’s gone again,” He sighed, wiping down the blade. Sharp enough.

The rest of the time spent down there was small talk back and forth, avoiding the massive elephant in the room; Dream. He regretted even bringing him up, watching George flinch and quickly turn away when he said it.

To say Dream had been acting strange lately was an understatement. The man constantly disappeared, reappearing hours later with blood stains on his cloak and a forced smile on his mask

and in his voice.

Infuriatingly enough, he wouldn't explain anything. Just showed up, did what was required of him, and left. Nothing more, nothing less.

What was worse was when he wouldn't even attend the battles, simply observed. And they all knew he did, simply because of the intense eyes on them. It was like he was watching them fight for his amusement, critiquing every slash of their sword and placement of their feet. It was like he was back in school, which was horrible.

He was certain Techno or Wilbur had done something to him when Dream returned from his near-month vanishing. It all started after that, it was the only logical conclusion. A few months had passed since then, the war being at a standstill due to nobody really wanting to continue.

The brothers were distant from everyone according to Tommy, who vented to him after one particularly strange battle. Techno, Wilbur, and Dream hadn't shown up, leaving both sides without their strongest fighter (and Wilbur). They settled that battle with a coin toss, Pogtopia gaining a win.

"They just- haven't been around. At all! Wilbur's out collecting sand and Techno- I don't even want to know what the hell he's doing!"

Sapnap nodded along. "Yeah, Dream also hasn't been around. Disappears more often than he's with us," Tommy seemed to get even sadder with his addition, so he quickly added something on. "Doesn't Wilbur eat sand?"

The child looked incredulously at him, doing a double take. "What?"

"Yeah, Techno told me."

He went on to explain the rest of the story to Tommy, smiling when the boy picked himself up slightly, like a wilted flower receiving water. His eyes sparkled with delight, laughing often during it. Sapnap continued telling stories about his own teammates long into the afternoon, the sun beginning to set when they both packed up and left.

It took a while, but they were able to slowly settle into a routine. Organise battles with Schlatt, help

George with whatever he'd gotten himself into, follow Punz around and look for more ruins. Dream would show up for battles and leave before anyone could ask any questions. Routine, slow and predictable as it was, was still somewhat comforting to have in troubling times.

Then the omnipresent stare began to feel strange. Not just 'oh this is weird' strange, the 'oh this makes me want to claw off my skin and hide' kind of strange. It only happened when Dream disappeared, which made sense, but still.

And then he spotted a red cloak running around in the forest increasingly often, coincidentally whenever the gaze turned weird. It looked to be the same kind as Dream's and the figure had a lot of the same mannerisms he did in the early days, but it couldn't have possibly been Dream. He'd stated several times he wouldn't be caught *dead* wearing red, saying green was clearly the superior colour.

Yet, it didn't feel like he was catching Not-Dream in the act. It felt like it was allowing him to see it, waving whenever he did.

Like Dream.

That was worrying. Very worrying. The first time he caught sight of its mask was while he was lugging logs to their base since Punz needed them for decorating or something. Sapnap looked around for his canteen and froze midstep. It stood close to him- too close- oozing the energy of a predator about to lunge for its prey.

The mask was incredibly similar to Dream's, the same eerie smile and everything. The colours, however, were swapped. It was completely black with white details.

And then Not-Dream left abruptly, leaving him reeling. *Inverse colours.*

George started to mention waking up in the middle of the night and seeing a specter at his window. Punz was visibly more agitated, making excuses to leave more often than he previously did. It even got to the point where Schlatt was so unnerved that he went to Pogtopia and begged for a brief treaty.

Unsurprisingly, the residents over there also reported sightings of *whatever the fuck* that Not-Dream thing was.

Coincidentally, it was only spotted whenever Dream was missing.

And Dream had been missing for a couple of days at this point, so the ever-lurking stare and figure stayed for a long, long time. Too long. Sapnap was close to tearing out his hair and screaming when it had stopped, the peaceful stare he had grown accustomed to comforting him to sleep as he sobbed quietly.

He wasn't used to being this scared. Even when Dream lurked around, it felt more like someone curiously watching an animal cross the street than being stalked by someone about to snap.

They stayed inside for long stretches of time, simply waiting until something was needed to go outside. Nobody had been outwardly attacked yet, but the energy surrounding Not-Dream gave Sapnap the impression it would soon.

Knock knock . George snapped his head up, looking up the stairs. The front door. Sapnap was frozen in place, slowly meeting the other's eyes.

There were footfalls as someone walked towards the door. They held their breath.

"Hey," the tired voice of a friend. "I'm back."

"-for now," he finished, resting his chin in his hands. "It's for the best."

Schlatt immediately called a meeting upon Dream's arrival, first a small one between Manberg then a larger one with the rest of the SMP. He was distant during both, getting distracted easily and jumping slightly whenever he was pulled back into the conversation.

He avoided any questions about *Not-Dream* , quickly changing the topic to anything other than things involving him.

That was until he dropped a bombshell.

“You’re leaving?” Fundy was the first to speak. Dream leaned back in his chair, staring out the window. Distant, almost airy. Like he wasn’t there. “*Why?*”

“Reasons,” A low murmur this time. The room was quiet for a very long while, everyone taking in this information and sorting through it.

“I’m your *fiancé* , I should know these things!”

Subtle flinches from a couple people around the table. Dream shook his head, not answering. They hardly brought up the couple’s engagement, the whole thing making everything so much messier in general. Personally, it messed with Sapnap’s feelings. He shouldn’t have feelings for someone already committed to another, but he’d had them before Fundy. It was really his fault for not admitting them sooner.

As time went on, Dream got more agitated. Bouncing his legs, tapping on the table. He didn’t even seem to notice when Techno began speaking. The god sighed, snapping his fingers in front of his face.

“As I was saying. You can’t leave without giving us any reasons,” Dream was about to speak, but he cut him off. “*And* without a proper explanation of what the hell’s been happenin’.”

Dream covered the mask with his hands, mumbling into it. “I’ve been dealing with stuff... and... things.”

He glanced around. Techno had been eying George for most of the meeting and Dream refused to even look in his direction. It was getting increasingly concerning as the tensions mounted.

“Stuff and things?” Sapnap spoke up, heads looking towards him. “We haven’t been able to get a straight answer out of you in *months* . Can you at least elaborate?”

Quiet. Of course.

George cleared his throat, giving the blood god a sideways glance. “Can you... stop staring? It’s creepy.” He didn’t stop.

A quiet cough from Mr. Avoider-Of-Questions. Schlatt leaned over from his spot at the end of the table, resting his chin in his hands. “You’re trying to exile yourself because of ‘reasons’. Seems pretty stupid if you ask me.”

“I don’t remember asking you, *Schlatt*. Last time I checked, these are my lands,” his words were incredibly out of character for him, loaded with malice, snapping at the other man. The ram-hybrid nearly jumped, leaning back from the table.

He was worrying everyone.

Dream stood. “Outside.”

“Why?” Sapnap blinked when he realised the words fell from his mouth. The masked man looked at him strangely, head tilted.

“Stuffy,” while he was probably making excuses, the large meeting hall fell out of use after the L’Manberg treaty, leaving it in semi-disrepair and dustiness. “Fresh air is good for thinking.”

He stepped outside before anyone could stop him, forcing the rest out as well. It was a breezy day, the background noise of leaves rustling immediately taking some of the tension out of his shoulders. Dream stood away from the rest, mask lifted tilted up over his mouth. Red was streaked around it- Nosebleed? Asking seemed too private and it was wiped away shortly after.

“Sapnap, George,” He motioned for them to follow him away. “I need to talk to you.”

It was probably concerning how little hesitation they had about following him out of earshot of the others. But it was more concerning when he pulled them both into a hug, a hitch very audible in his voice. “I’ll miss you.”

“You won’t gone long, right?” George’s eyebrows were furrowed, his face one of someone trying to convince another of something blatantly untrue. “.... right?”

“Maybe,” Sapnap hated how Dream sounded so unsure.

Dream pulled the mask down again, its smile weary and defeated. “We’ll meet again, I hope. I just needed to thank you both, privately.”

“Why?” His throat felt thick, like he just swallowed molasses. “No reason to.”

“You two were the first ones to believe in me.”

And there he was, bawling like a baby. George’s face was all blotchy and red, it always got like that before he cried. He was pulled to the ground, into another group hug. Dream’s arms were strong and protective. And warm. He could almost fall asleep there if he wasn’t already preoccupied with the idea of one his best friends abandoning them.

Everything about it felt *wrong*. Dream, the ever-present observer showing vulnerability and leaving; being this close to him and feeling this protected; the sun above them, shining bright and cheery in the sky while tears fell down his cheeks like raindrops. So, *so* wrong.

George wasn’t really the sappy type, leaving that to the other two. So he caught them both by surprise by clinging a little tighter to Dream, a sob cutting into his words. “There was no way I couldn’t.”

“Oh no, he’s caught the cheese disease,” he grinned at George. The joke was horrible and fell flat, but Dream still wheezed like it was the funniest joke he’d ever heard in a million years. And *gods*, this was not the time for his heart to soar. Maybe that was Dream’s power- making you feel so special and loved.

The joke and laugh freed them of the heavy atmosphere, sadness drifting away as they shared what was on their mind and chuckled together. After all, if he was leaving them, he should have a good memory of them to part with.

But all too soon they had to separate. Dream wanted time with the others and couldn’t spend all day with them.

Oh, jealous heart, he still cares about you. He has more friends than just us.

They returned to the building, being greeted by sad smiles and several questions. Apparently they'd just disappeared for half an hour and worried the rest.

Dream announced his departure formally, rejections pushed to the side as he quickly whisked Schlatt away for a quick chat.

When they returned, Schlatt was visibly flustered and Dream just kept chuckling whenever they made eye contact or someone asked what happened. Bad also yelled at Dream for language when he was dead silent.

"Bad, what-"

"Just- take care of yourself, you muffin head," he pushed a bag into Dream's hands, looking away. "I won't be there to make sure you're not neglecting yourself."

Another wheezy laugh. "Okay, mom."

He took Fundy away next, the other man visibly distraught and close to tears. They spent the most time together, probably close to two hours. It really didn't surprise him, considering Fundy was very emotional when it came to his fiancé.

Why did the word sound so bitter?

The weather also shifted while they were away, clouds rolling in. They provided occasional shade, but put even more of a damper on his mood. He wanted to stay happy for his Dream.

That was enough of a distraction for him. The climate in the SMP wasn't in any way steady, often shifting mid-season and throwing off everyone's internal clocks. It was around the middle of spring and already felt like summer on some days. He didn't have a clue as to why it was so unpredictable, seemingly shifting randomly.

When the pair returned, Fundy was silently crying and refused to talk to anyone. Dream was also distant, idly chatting about sword design with Punz and Techno when Wilbur stole him away.

He wasn't sure why the conversation with Wilbur made him the most uneasy. It had gotten darker, close to sunset when they came back. The tension was back, Will's unhinged mutters and laughing only making matters worse.

When Dream left with Tommy and Tubbo, none of them questioned it. He was close to the boys, even if they were on opposite sides in a long war. They only went to check on them when night fell and it began to rain, worrying something happened to them.

Well, something had happened. Tubbo was wearing Dream's casual hoodie, crying softly into the fabric. Tommy hugged him, clearly fighting back tears. No masked man in sight.

Dream didn't even have the courage to properly say that last goodbye.

The sunrise the next day felt cold and empty, rain pouring outside matching the tears that fell from Sapnap's eyes. The gaze was distant, more like someone waving as they slowly disappeared from sight in a minecart than anything.

He didn't dream anymore. The only one that actually mattered had left him alone.

Chapter End Notes

In my defense.

I got nothing. Worldbuilding? (yOU'LL SEE, THERE'S A REOCCURRING THING HAPPENING I'M VERY PROUD OF IT)

I meant to have this out way sooner but,,, YNB came out,,, and MCC,,, and the streamys,,,,,, leave me alone.

Sky High

Chapter Summary

Wilbur's sanity slips further away from his reach.

Chapter Notes

I love writing Wilbur.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Gone .

Gone?

Gone .

Gone??

Dream.

Dream was gone?

Dream would never leave him.

But then ...

Then where was Dream?

Wilbur gripped the TNT tightly in his fist, his knuckles white from how hard he grasped it.

They drove Dream away.

He inhaled slowly, letting the cold, misty air into his lungs. It cleared some of the haze from his mind, allowing his eyes to focus.

The chest. Of course. He was at the chest. How could he have forgotten? It was filled to the brim with TNT, so much so that Wilbur struggled to close it. Perfect. Enough to blow L'Manberg off the face of this gods forsaken planet.

Of course he wanted L'Manberg back. It was his pride and joy, his only big accomplishment.

But it meant nothing if Dream wasn't there.

It meant nothing if people like *Schlatt* controlled it. Even if they regained power, it was still ruined forever. A stain on the once great country. If Wilbur couldn't have it, *nobody* could have it.

It was no longer *his* L'Manberg. The one he sang about, the one that he put so much blood and tears into. It was Manberg now.

There was a festival that was coming up. Tubbo was arranging it, from what he had heard.

Tubbo.

Traitor .

After Dream left, Schlatt suggested the treaty last until the end of the week so they could sort out who was who's side. Wilbur didn't expect it to change at all, maybe a few neutrals picking sides.

Wilbur called all on his side to stand beside him. Tubbo didn't come over with him.

He called again.

And then he crossed to Schlatt's side, stammering about how he had to. Schlatt- his *greatest enemy* - pulled the boy closer.

"He's always been on my side, Wilbur."

The rain was deafening, blocking out everything around him. The sweet little boy that Tommy brought home one day after he was found in the mud, the boy that he helped raise, the boy who proudly stood with them while they rebuilt L'Manberg.

Betrayed them.

Wilbur was good at adapting. He kept a poker face, just nodding along to the rest. Eret would remain neutral as king of the SMP, acting as Dream's surrogate. They shut down any offers to join a side, stating it would compromise her integrity.

Tommy was bad at it. He screamed at Tubbo, clearly torn up over it. All the worst words he knew, every insult he could possibly hurl. Tubbo took it well, standing with Sapnap against it. The boy tired himself out quickly, Techno having to carry him back.

When they returned to Pogtopia, he collapsed onto his bed and sobbed. Niki came in, quietly singing the national anthem and rubbing his back. The gesture was sweet, helping to dull the ache in his heart. Tubbo never officially left them, going so far as to give them vague but helpful information.

But now? He knew they had been betrayed.

Was he the traitor? Dream mentioned the presence of one when he was with Wilbur and Techno, quickly reiterating that it would be those two if the plan went correctly. But maybe he actually slipped up. Maybe there *was* a traitor that wasn't him or Techno.

Maybe.

The biggest blow came as the sun arose. He hardly got any sleep, groggily making his way above ground to get food. Fundy was packing his things up on the surface, hastily making a bag with a

blanket.

“Son?” His head snapped to face Wilbur, quickly standing. The bag was held tighter as he took a step back. “What are you doing out here?”

“Wilbur.”

Fundy only calls me Wilbur when he's upset , the thought flew across his mind quickly, pushing down all the worried ones. *Probably upset about Tubbo* .

“What is... this?” He motioned to the bag.

“I’m leaving,” he felt his jaw drop in disbelief. He was never on the greatest terms with his son, seeing as the one thing Wilbur truly wanted and cared for was kept just out of reach by him, but things were never *that* bad. “Tubbo was right to.”

Tears slipped out, blurring his vision. Fundy stood there for a few seconds longer, staring at the older man with pity before leaving.

Fundy *had* to be a traitor. Had to be. He was Dream’s fiancé after all. Maybe this was all planned.

Was Dream meant to leave? To lead on Wilbur so he and Fundy could marry peacefully? Perhaps Fundy knew about his father’s obsession.

Fundy drove Dream away.

It made sense.

It was all Fundy’s fault.

So now he stood in the hidden room, staring at the chest of TNT. Techno would be there any minute to help him lay it beneath Manberg. Everyone would be attending.

There was a plan they would follow; Wilbur would detonate the TNT as Tubbo gave a speech, hopefully getting him, Schlatt, and Quackity in the explosion. Techno would create a wither or two, effectively reducing Manberg to a crater.

He twirled the dagger around in his free hand, the blue weapon glinting and shining in the near pitch black of the room. It was different from the typical purple enchantment colour, this one shifting from red to orange.

Godslayer.

Unbeknownst to Techno, he added an extra part to their plan. After the blood god was weakened by the inevitable combat from the others, he would swoop in and slay him. The dagger felt heavy, the weight of what it meant and where it came from hitting him like an ocean's waves taking someone under.

It arrived a few days after Dream's initial disappearance, innocently resting in the bottom of a minecart cleaned of supplies by the others. The note attached was simply an ominous smile and "enjoy it, from 2b2t". It reminded him of Dream.

Everything reminded him of Dream.

He heard footsteps outside and quickly stowed the dagger in his coat pocket. While he wasn't sure Techno was familiar with enchantment colours, he wouldn't risk it.

The blood god poked his head in, holding a torch inside. "It's dark in here."

"Yeah."

Techno shrugged, going over to help him pick up the TNT. They had to place it fast, allowing time for Wilbur to talk to the others and Techno to run back and chat with their enemies,

The god flashed him a lazy grin, saluting with a stick of red in his hand. "See you on the other side."

"See you on the other side," Wilbur nodded, stuffing his pockets with the rest. "Make sure to not

seem suspicious to them.”

An eye roll. “Sure.”

He swallowed nervously. This could possibly be the last time he talked to his brother on good terms, let alone if he even *could* after this. Putting aside the extra bit on the plan, this was incredibly risky. They could easily be caught, let alone all the other possibilities.

He still *cared* about Techno, even if there were several reasons why he loathed him with every fibre of his being. It was the same with Fundy. They were his flesh and blood, yet he couldn’t forgive them for trying to take his Dream away.

“Love you,” those weren’t words said often between the brothers, and it showed in Techno’s flabbergasted reaction. “And I really mean it.”

There was the smile. Techno had a nice one, it was just usually ruined by the chaos around him whenever it rarely appeared. Soft, quiet. “Love you, too.”

They crossed the threshold together, a silent pact of anarchy binding the two brothers as they prepared. It had been so long since they were able to work together without tensions and harsh words being exchanged between them.

Wilbur hated that he would be the one to sever it.

But it was for Dream, after all.

(He ignored the fact that Tubbo came to them a few days after their betrayal to beg for forgiveness and give them information. He ignored the whispers that Fundy was trying to earn Schlatt’s trust and infiltrate them from the very top.)

It was for Dream.

(He ignored the lingering fear that nagged at him, that Dream would hate him for hurting the others. Dream loved him.)

All for Dream.

(He had a plan. The dagger could kill a god. If Dream resisted, it would be easy to threaten him. It was concerning how little guilt or remorse the idea brought up. Somewhere inside him, it was sickening. But.)

Dream was his .

Chapter End Notes

when did this turn into an angst fic, this was supposed to be a harem-

I totally didn't put off writing this to write a completely different fic,,, not me,,

:)

Grass and Bloodstained Memories

Chapter Summary

In which Techno reminisces before meeting Wilbur (essentially the last chapter but it takes place from his POV)

Chapter Notes

Ominous title and summary change pog?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno wrapped the cape across himself, shivering in the cold air. It was around midday yet was *freezing*, sharply contrasting with what should've been nearing summer.

He was currently collecting sand and gunpowder for TNT, waiting for Wilbur's signal to head over and roll the plan into motion. The festival was the following day so they'd have to work fast either way. Both tasks were relatively simple and mundane, allowing for his mind to wander while shovelling sand or slaying creepers in large hoards.

Normally he would look for Dream in the trees, usually finding the man giggling in the trees.

Not having him there felt so incredibly wrong.

There was something comforting about being immortal and having a rather good memory. Especially of Dream.

He probably thought about Dream too much. But it helped keep the memories he cherished fresh, so he didn't mind too much.

Slowly, he paused in his tasks, closing his eyes. The sun was out, which was nice. The light washed over him, not too overbearing. It was an objectively nice day and he was preparing to blow up a nation.

A normal day in the life of Technoblade.

He shoved the shovel in the sand, sitting down at the water's edge. There was no reason he shouldn't get a break after hard labour.

To make sure his cape wouldn't fall in the water, he bundled it in his lap. Silk. It was cold under his fingers, almost alien compared to his normal winter cape. Just wanted to shake up the wardrobe a bit and he happened to 'lose' the other one.

Techno hugged his knees, staring at his quivering reflection in the water. He was worried around Dream. Sure, he could take care of himself, but it was still anxiety inducing to have him gone. Especially when he was acting so strange before.

He probably knew where to find him, but he wouldn't bother trying. At best, he would be told off, and at worst...

The birds sang their happy tune in the leaves above him, teaching their young to fly. He wanted to be a bird sometimes. Have the ability to fly away from all his problems and simply soar.

Tommy would probably worry if he was out too long, but the boy was likely annoying someone else. Or burning the house down. That was also a possibility.

While he would never say it to the child for fear of growing his already large ego, he was proud of how he had grown. Hadn't changed a bit from when they were children and insisted on sparring him to show much better he'd gotten in the few hours they were apart.

Maybe one day he'd admit that Tommy was pretty good at it.

Watching his younger brothers traverse the twisted world they were all born into was nerve wracking but rewarding. Even if he was just a bit older than Wilbur, he still had memories of his past lives. And *wow*, was the world cruel.

One thing he never lived down was when he frantically asked Philza to deny Wilbur's request for him and the other two to leave the castle in search of an adventure. His brother confided to him in their secret hideout away from the two brats, the afternoon sun glinting mischievously in his brown eyes.

He did *not* promptly go to Philza, contrary to popular belief. Instead, he paced around the library for an hour, spreading every map they owned out on the table and looking for somewhere close that the others could establish a kingdom instead of wandering aimlessly away.

It was only when he failed that he went to their father, begging him to convince Wilbur that it was a terrible idea. The older man simply chuckled, going ahead and giving the three adventurers his blessing.

“I did the same thing when I was younger,” Philza grinned, clapping Techno on the back. “They have to learn somehow. They’ll be back within a year.”

But they weren’t.

It was okay now. He had his brothers close to him, easily able to protect them. Even if they would ultimately end up split apart in the end.

Even if they hated him, he would put down his life for them.

Techno’s loyalties were not easily swayed. He had a feeling Philza knew his alignment to chaos and chose not to say anything about his position as crown prince. While he would never destroy his family’s kingdom, they all knew he wouldn’t accept the crown at the coronation.

The voices were so loud.

They wanted *blood* .

He remembered being 18 and receiving his god status again, breaking down when they began to scream for violence and other nonsense. Phil and Wilbur sat with him for hours on end while he sobbed about not wanting to hurt anyone.

The crown rested heavy on his head. His talisman, the culmination of everything he was. The plush red cushion it sat on when Dream delivered it to him still somewhere in his bedroom back at the castle.

Fuck . He was thinking about him again. Really, he tried his best to keep his thoughts straight, but they wandered.

Was he okay? Was he coping well? Techno was aware that the other had his own demons to wrestle with- or rather, Dreamons.

Dream never directly told him anything about the creatures, the only hints he received were through tattered pages of books the other just happened to drop near him whenever the male was having a particularly bad day caused by the things but couldn't properly explain, usually pertaining to his current situation.

He really didn't know anything about them besides that they were loud and took control occasionally. Like his voices, but more physical.

Speaking of the voices. They were dormant for a while, only ever awakening when a hint of crimson appeared. They forced his hand into so many murders. So much innocent blood spilled for the sake of silencing them.

Technoblade was a horrible person.

When he asked his father for advice, the man shook his head and said something about it running in the family. He, too, had a thirst for blood. It was mostly sated, he said. It only craved for death during large wars and the empire no longer engaged in those.

Philza once asked him to keep an eye on Wilbur, afraid he would do something stupid.

“Wilbur is... very fragile, shall we say it. I worry for him, Techno.”

At the time, he thought it was stupid. Wilbur could hold his own in a battle just fine, and he was very there mentally. Probably the smarter one out of the two, the latter having introduced Techno to The Art of War when they were younger.

Now he saw what his father meant. For gods' sake, he was trying to blow up the nation he tried so desperately to build, along with all the people inside. And he was helping him.

The realisation stung, like the time Tubbo tried bandaging his arm up after they all made lemonade together and he fell.

He missed out on so much of his brothers' lives. Wilbur managed to find a woman on their adventure and have a child with her, said woman leaving him. He established a nation, went to war, held an election, fought against oppressors. All before Techno came to his aid.

In his defence, he didn't know. Wilbur only sent word *after* the election. Yet the guilt still ate away at him.

Tommy had grown immensely since they last saw each other. He'd left an egotistical brat and returned war-torn and with his childlike innocence stripped away. He'd fought for his family, his country, his discs.

Even Tubbo changed. While still being mostly a sidekick, he matured greatly. He spoke up for himself more, made his own choices without the others influencing him.

He had a *nephew*. Fundy was complicated, never quite wanting to bond with his uncles. Keeping to himself and his room. It reminded him of Wilbur locking himself up in their room to keep Techno out while he read books the boys weren't supposed to have.

So much changed, all without his knowing.

Philza left for their empire after staying for a while, needing to tend to it. He could no longer seek the man for solace and advice, relying purely on himself.

His verdict for how well that was working out? Terrible. He failed as a son, a brother, an uncle. As a friend, as someone to go to during sleepless nights and listless days. As someone *more* than a friend.

Failed them all.

There was one thing he hadn't yet given up on. Anarchy. Sure, he was a complete failure everywhere else, but this was his element. There would be enough blood to calm the voices of their

incessant chants and he could rest easily knowing that yet another government was taken down by The Blade.

But he would still stay up knowing that he destroyed his brothers' pride and joy.

Tommy and Tubbo would be fine. They had people to take care of them now that weren't Wilbur and him. Much better influences. Bad and Niki were caring and gentle, subtly smoothing the jagged edges their older siblings caused and helping them through life's worst challenges. Even Dream was better, seeing how he restrained himself when around them, always ready for a hug from one of them.

So it was better this way. With Wilbur and Techno becoming public enemies together. They could run away after the destruction, maybe settling down somewhere far away.

(He knew he wouldn't, the pull and temptation of Dream always leading him back. But he could dream.)

Maybe they would look for Dream and exile themselves alongside him. Maybe more people would join their pity party and they'd inadvertently create a town. Exile town. Maybe he would finally confess to Dream and they'd live happily together.

Or maybe Dream would turn against him. He had every right to. The abandonment and neglect and blatant disregard for the rules driving them apart.

As long as the people he cared about were safe, he was fine with his own fate.

But maybe for today he'd tread in his memories a bit more than he usually allowed himself. He had enough resources, plus he was already there. So he fell back, enveloping himself in the warmth of the past.

An old one of Wilbur convincing him to dye his hair pink after he'd lost a bet. Salmon was the younger boy's favourite colour at the time, and the colour stuck. Philza wasn't very happy when he arrived home during an impromptu hair dying session.

A more recent one of him and Tubbo going fishing after Tommy said he needed raw cod for some unknown reason, the two laughing and complaining about the boy in question.

An even older memory, from way back. Dream didn't wear a cloak or any of his traditional wear, most of it from Techno's wardrobe. Judging by that, it was probably before any cities were established in the SMP, just him and Dream. They stargazed for weeks after Dream caught wind of a rumour about meteor showers. There were none, but it just served to pull the two closer together.

It turned bitter on his tongue. In just a few years, that Techno left Dream all alone in an endless expanse of land without so much as a 'goodbye'. He had wars to attend to and didn't want to bother the other man. It was a serious mistake to think they would only last a few years. The wars raged for hundreds, neither side wanting to back down.

Now it hurt to remember anything about Dream, memories of his mistreatment haunting him. While he apologised, he still felt it wasn't enough.

A very recent one flitted across his mind and he jumped to hold onto it. It was that fateful night, when he confronted Fundy.

Oh.

He hadn't told Wilbur, mostly out of respect for his nephew's privacy, but he had known about the betrayal. It was an accident, walking into the wrong room in the ravine and finding Fundy's diary, which outlined his and Tubbo's plan to leave Pogtopia for good.

Fundy walked in on him reading it. It was incredibly awkward, the two not knowing how to go about the situation. They ended up talking for a few minutes, coming to the agreement that Techno wouldn't say anything about it in exchange for all Fundy's emeralds.

He handed his nephew the book and received two emerald blocks in return. He silently studied Fundy as the latter stumbled over an explanation as to why they were leaving, mostly just Wilbur.

Fundy had his father's eyes and tells, stammering whenever he was put on the spot in much the same way Wilbur did. His ears were pressed firmly against his head the entire time and his tail swayed in anticipation.

Salmon plus a human made a fox? Or, shapeshifter plus human made fox. Wilbur was flaky on the details of Sally, usually lying whenever he said something about her.

Maybe Fundy was a shapeshifter as well. That explained some things, he guessed. But then Fundy pushed him out of his room and he had to start work on the potato farm again, mind wandering to Dream yet again, so he didn't get very far into the shapeshifter theory.

The firework was loud as it went off, Techno nearly jumping out of his skin at the noise. Red and white, the colours they agreed on for Techno to return. He gathered the supplies and made them into TNT before heading off.

Was he a bad person? Absolutely. No sane and good person would do what he was currently doing.

But Techno didn't care about being a good person, he stopped caring after his first kill and discovering the rush that accompanied it. Ever since then, he was a slave to the blood and the voices.

And this was no different. Just the blood spilled was a lot closer to him than he liked..

But the voices didn't care about that. No matter who it was. Blood.

He chuckled darkly when he arrived at the place, heading into the underground. "Blood for the blood god, right?" They agreed with that one, growing louder and louder.

Techno thought he saw something glowing in the dark room Wilbur resided in but he ignored it. Probably wasn't important, anyway.

All that mattered was the blood.

Chapter End Notes

wooooo... more melancholy. love that. this isn't a harem fic with a side of angst, it's an angst fic with a side of harem-

Since I'm taking this more seriously, the title's changing to fit the current mood. Might change again, dunno.

Still no endgame ships planned, workshopping my current plan around what I want the Dreamons to be (oops, i've said too much)

This fic is getting to be very long and that worries me- Will probably split it up into two different books with the coming revelation ;) If I do, this one will change a bit to reflect the story, nothing too big.

A Rain of Blood

Chapter Summary

In which Manberg faces issues and a lovely festival occurs.

Chapter Notes

A belated Christmas present- or any kind of present, I don't care.

I wanted to post fluff but then angst happened, oops.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Click .

Schlatt chuckled darkly, pressing the button resting on the wall yet again to be sure.. His lighter was bright in the dim room, flickering and dancing in the drafty area.

Click .

It was a good plan, to be fair. If they had covered up the entrance, he might've missed it entirely. Unfortunately for the Pogtopians, Schlatt was a curious bastard. It was mere hours before the festival he had planned and he was surveying the area to be sure not a blade of grass was out of place. The hole stuck out like a sore thumb in the otherwise spotless landscape.

There was a small tunnel leading back to Pogtopia's base he discovered, everyone previously residing inside having left to prepare for the festival.

"Too easy," he muttered softly under his breath, sending Punz to outfit the base in buttons at a later date as a taunt. The TNT that previously resided underneath the button was now resting in Schlatt's personal chest, resulting in the trap being completely useless. Perhaps he would place it in the ravine they called home, he could watch the hope drain from their faces as it exploded everything they had left.

But Schlatt wasn't *that* evil. He doubted that many people even knew about the plan, considering

the room didn't appear to be built for a crowd or much traffic in general.

Scribbles adorned the walls, although he didn't care enough to read them. From the slivers he did happen to catch, it sounded like lyrics to some kind of song. Odd choice for the room.

He made sure to make it appear untouched, the thought of watching whoever's face fall when the button failed to work and the president of the country they were trying to blow up enter the room too good to pass up.

Tubbo was still decorating when he emerged, waving enthusiastically at the man when he passed. Schlatt had to admit, the morbid nature of the arrangement was making him rather uncomfortable. His citizens were so *eager*, all fooled into the pretense that this was a normal festival. Only Quackity knew of his true intent, Fundy having half the story.

He pulled a plant out of the ground, tossing it away. It was a strange shade of red, bright against the grass. It seemed to be popping up more and more often, like some kind of invasive species. Karl was enlisted to find more information on that, although he'd probably forgotten to.

An unconscious smile spread across his face, mind drifting back to the festival. It was disappointing to have to do this, but Tubbo forced his hand. A double agent was no good if they weren't on his side.

Time flew by as he double and triple checked all the decorations and surrounding area.

Karl was incredibly eager to show him all that he and Tubbo decorated, animatedly reenacting the supposedly "heroic moments" of the day.

"-And we saved a llama!"

"... A llama?"

"Yeah!" Karl's grin was big, completely unaware of the tragedy he was truly helping to prepare. Schlatt shrugged, listening with a vague interest as the other man rambled about wanting the clearance to create some kind of island for a friend of his.

Schlatt chuckled slightly, taking a sip from his bottle. "A *girl* friend, perhaps?"

“Nonononono, we’re just friends- at least, I hope we are- I just, really want her to visit, y’know?”
The man’s entire face was flushed pink, barely able to stammer out a couple of sentences.
“Besides, I already have plans to confess to someone else.”

“ *Oh?* ” Now he was curious. Karl never really seemed interested in anyone, but it was possible.

He nodded, playing with the strings of his jacket awkwardly. “Yeah. I mean, a couple someones, but-”

“Sir?” Schlatt turned, a bit upset at his conversation being interrupted. He met the gaze of one Quackity, who looked rather agitated. He tilted his head back, confusion etching onto his face. He and Quackity weren’t exactly buddy-buddy at the moment. “Can I speak to you? *Privately?* ”

“Sure?”

They left behind Karl, who waved awkwardly after them. He’d have to continue that conversation later. Quackity led them out of earshot of the rest, grabbing the taller man’s arm and batting his eyes. Schlatt’s smile grew tense, brushing him off.

“Don’t do that.”

“Sorry,” Quackity sighed, tapping his foot anxiously. “Are you *sure* we should be doing this? I mean, it’s Tubbo- Can’t we give him a trial? Does his execution have to be public, that’s just-”

There it was. His tense smile morphed into a grimace at his vice president’s words, downing the rest of his drink. “It has to be this way.”

“ *Why?* ”

“It teaches a lesson and it’s a good show of strength to the rest of the fucking rats-” he threw his hands up, shrugging. “And we get rid of a traitor.”

He saw Quackity visibly tense, eyebrows furrowing. It was akin to a rubber band being pulled taut, close to snapping. “A show of strength? Killing a defenseless child is a show of fucking strength?!”

“Slow your roll, Flatty Patty.” Schlatt grinned, nickname flowing off his tongue easily. Quackity had been vying for his attention for *ages*, not seeming to get the hint that he wasn’t interested- It boiled over in a morning meeting a few days ago, the two getting into a heated argument.

“You don’t fucking listen to me! You don’t pay attention to me, you don’t- What am I supposed to do?!”

Schlatt bared his teeth, pointing at Quackity with his empty bottle. “Sit there and look pretty, moron.”

The man huffed. “You aren’t even looking at me! My ass is going without being admired!” He pointed back at Schlatt, unshed tears glistening in his eyes. “Why do you keep ignoring me?!”

He scoffed, rolling his eyes. “You don’t say anything useful. You keep coming onto me, I haven’t even accepted your damn advances.”

“I-”

“And your ass is mediocre, Flatty Patty.”

The rest of the meeting was an absolute shitshow, the two being dragged away from each other and separated for the rest of the day. Schlatt didn’t mind, keeping away from the man. Quackity seemed just as content with the arrangement, he just never missed the chance to glare daggers at Schlatt.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back- or rather, that little pull that completely snapped the rubber band. Quackity scowled, taking a step back.

“You know what, I’m not even- You’re not worth my time, asshole.”

Schlatt went to take a swig of his drink, disappointment coursing through him when he realised it was empty. “Whatever helps you sleep at night.”

Quackity paused, shaking his head disapprovingly. “Okay, you’re fucking drunk. Got it. We can talk about this later, when you have a clear head and everything.”

“Whatever.”

The two parted ways, Schlatt going to get another few drinks and to stow some away in an ice chest he had on stage. They helped him relax, who cared. Some liver damage never hurt anyone, right?

He was also out of cigarettes. That was unfortunate. He was pretty sure a couple different people took all his packs, which ticked him off. The ache in his limbs was becoming more pronounced by the day, he simply wanted something to dull the pain.

Speaking of things he needed, his supplements were running low. He sent a letter to his guy already, but things took *so long* to travel in the Dream SMP.

Fuck. Dream.

He warily scanned the trees, expecting the man to pop out and scold him for drinking at any moment. Schlatt really only turned to the alcohol and cigarettes after Dream began disappearing, the man having served as his only comfort besides them and only deterrent from them.

Without him, he couldn’t cope.

But Dream would return any day now, he told himself. And he would be proud of Schlatt’s decisions. Of course.

Now that he thought about it, killing Tubbo wasn’t exactly the best move on his part when speaking of Dream. The god seemed to be rather fond of the boy, going out of his way to protect him. And Schlatt was making him decorate his own execution.

He better start praying now.

But for right now, he was focused on making sure *nothing* went wrong. He had a plan for once, strictly following all the bulletpoints he listed.

The festival was beginning.

Fundy didn't quite know what he expected from the festival. It was well decorated, sure, but the feeling of something sinister lurking beneath all the bright lanterns and confetti unsettled him.

He helped Tubbo craft the lanterns, the latter being surprised at his talent and swiftness in folding them. Fundy simply gave him a bitter smile, explaining that he and Wilbur made some one night as a father-son bonding experience, like he did with his own father, but the night soured. Tubbo nodded, smiling sadly at him and not pushing any further.

Someone was going to die, according to Schlatt. He didn't know who.

Running through the list of possible people, Karl and Ponk were definitely clear, considering Schlatt seemed to tolerate the both of them. Niki was perhaps at risk, considering her very vocal loyalty to L 'Manberg, but she wasn't at the top of any hitlist. Quackity was certainly at risk, considering his resistance to Schlatt over the past week or so, and Tubbo was always suspicious.

Or maybe he was going to die. That was a very real possibility.

All things considered, he was enjoying life in Manberg much over Pogtopia. It was nicer, he had more little comforts living in a house rather than a small room in a cold, dark ravine. He had a voice in the government, no matter how small it seemed. Schlatt liked him.

Wilbur told him he should despise Schlatt, but... he seemed... *kind* . He praised him for his achievements, encouraged him, and was generally nice to him. Tubbo was much more wary, but he also had a lot more attachment to Pogtopia than Fundy did, so that perhaps was part of his reserved nature.

He felt far safer than he ever did in Pogtopia. Was he a bad person for feeling that way? He wasn't sure.

Maybe nobody from their side would die. Maybe Schlatt found a Pogtopian or was planning to hunt them down today. That made sense, right? But if it were to happen, what would he do: sit idly and watch or protect them?

It would depend on who. His stomach twisted at the realisation that if Wilbur were brought up there, he would let him die. His own father.

But Wilbur was horrible. Horrible things happened to horrible people.

"Fundy!" He turned to face Bad, who rushed over to hug him. The rest of Bad's group arrived, excitedly chatting about the festival. Fundy forced a smile. *Let them be excited.*

He idly twisted the ring present on his finger. A parting gift from his beloved. There were leaves and a couple of Dream's trademark smiles etched into the blackstone band, the inside engraved with the words "I'll always return to you, my love". It was a promise he was holding him to.

Callahan, Punz, and Purpled stood awkwardly together, stealing dropped items from the others for fun, although Sam was unamused by their attempted swiping of his redstone and Ant berated them for their antics.

Techno arrived shortly after, sun glinting off the pig skull he used as a mask as he soared through with a trident. He stared directly at Fundy, studying him silently. Creepy. He would never understand how in the *hell* they were related.

Maybe trying to drown him was an overreaction, but Techno took it well.

There were a couple duels that went on, he was unfortunately killed in both of his, by cheaters no less! Nobody really believed him or they just didn't care, however obvious the evidence was, so he was left to sulk alone.

Schlatt and Quackity were bickering up on the stage, relief flooding through him when Tubbo broke it up. They did *not* need a public repeat of that morning meeting, especially with this many people around.

The boy gave a nice speech, repeatedly complimenting their great nation and Schlatt throughout it. Fundy gave him a big thumbs up and grin when he looked into the crowd for encouragement, smiling back at him before continuing.

He spotted figures up on the closest roof, watching the stage from above. A frown crossed his face as he recognised the two *very* familiar faces of his father and other uncle, both looking worse for wear. He opted to ignore it and inform Schlatt after Tubbo's big speech, not wanting to take any of the spotlight off of him.

Schlatt began boxing Tubbo in slowly, and *oh no* . The boy grew anxious, eyes wide with terror. He knocked on the box,

"S-Schlatt?"

The man chuckled, lowering himself down to the hole in the box he created. "We don't tolerate traitors here in Manberg, Tubbo. You know that, right?"

Tubbo hesitantly nodded, eyes shining with tears rushing down his cheeks.

"You do? Wow!" Schlatt slammed his fist against the box, causing the boy to jump and cower away. "Then why the *fuck* were you running down into those *fucking sewers* and giving information to our *enemies* ."

"I-I didn't-"

The president hit the box again, his eyes alight with fury. "I *watched you* , Tubbo. Don't play dumb with me, you fucking *rat* ."

Fundy watched with horror, unable to move from his seat. He couldn't look away. He heard Niki try and object, but Punz shushed her.

"Techno," the man in question looked up, clearly uncomfortable. Schlatt just smiled at him, sickly sweet and *terrifying* . "I need you to take him out."

Techno slowly rose, walking onto the stage. He glanced between Schlatt and the boy sobbing in the box, pleading for his life. "I- I can't just- This isn't the way to-"

There were nervous chuckles from Quackity, trying to push Schlatt away. "I think this is enough, Schlatt. We don't need to do anything drastic."

The blood god nodded in agreement, ironically enough. "We can just imprison him or exile him like Wilbur and Tommy-"

"*Do it* ." Schlatt's voice lowered to a snarl, practically spitting out the words. He watched his uncle slowly load a firework into his crossbow, hands shaking. "Faster."

Fundy gripped his seat, heart racing. He should be doing something, throwing himself up there, but he was glued to the spot.

"Techno? You aren't going to..." Tubbo trailed off, watching the crossbow with such an intense fear that it made him break inside. It was aiming at his chest now. The boy braced himself, another sob forcing its way out of his body.

"Tubbo- Tubbo, I'm sorry" his shoulders drooped. The pain in his voice was clear as day, his finger on the trigger as he glanced away. "I'll make this as painless- and as colourful- as possible."

Tubbo shook, bracing himself. "*Please*-"

"I'm sorry, I don't do well with peer pressure," Techno laughed awkwardly, hanging his head.

The first shot didn't kill him, which was probably the worst part. Techno was kind enough to quickly reload and finish him off before his injuries did, subsequently murdering Quackity and Schlatt as well. The crowd erupted into chaos as the blood god began shooting into the audience, also murdering several more. Fundy managed to take cover and escape, watching Tommy pearl onto the platform from the roof, screaming for Tubbo.

Wilbur simply laughed.

Everyone else went after Tommy, chasing him away from Manberg. Quackity and Schlatt returned, calling Fundy up to take Tubbo's place. And everything continued, the two beside him acting as though nothing happened.

Niki's citizenship was revoked and Schlatt had plans to tear down most of the historical old buildings from the L'Manberg era. He didn't chime in, simply nodding. The shock and numbness from the whole ordeal didn't wear off until he made it home, collapsing onto his bed. Tubbo and Niki were gone for good now. He was officially without any of his old friends.

He cried.

Schlatt was no better than Wilbur. They were both deranged tyrants that couldn't be trusted with power. But he couldn't simply *overthrow the fucking president*.

But what if he did what Tubbo did?

It was *incredibly* risky, seeing as what happened to the poor thing just mere hours earlier. The event was meant to discourage it, yet oddly enough, it only spurred Fundy on.

He couldn't stand for this any longer. He stupidly turned a blind eye to Schlatt's previous misdeeds for the sole reason of holding him up higher than Wilbur. That was going to end.

Fundy began writing in his diary more, creating a new one. Meeting with the Pogtopians was too risky, plus they wouldn't trust him. So he would detail everything that happened in Manberg and leave it for them to find. Every murder of a cat, every time he slipped up and yelled at a cabinet member. It all went into his diary.

Quackity came to him a week after the festival in search of council. He no longer wanted anything to do with Manberg and was planning on switching to Pogtopia, figuring Fundy was also weary of Schlatt's tyranny.

"I can't leave now, I need to gather enough evidence on Schlatt to turn over to them," he held up the book, tapping the cover. "Besides, they wouldn't trust me."

The man hummed. “True. So you’re not with Schlatt, correct?”

“I am not.”

“Good. You can tell me anything important that comes up, okay? I know it’s risky, but if we *need* to know, we need to know.”

Fundy agreed. Hopefully it wouldn’t come to that, but it never hurt to be prepared.

Quackity defected soon after murdering Schlatt once again, fleeing into the woods. He managed to get even higher up in the ranks, becoming the person his worst enemy confined to about menial problems.

It hurt. He was completely alone, unable to talk to anyone truly about his feelings, all while acting as Schlatt’s *friend*. And it was worse since he was a better father than Wilbur ever was, and he couldn’t fall for it. It would only complicate matters more.

His diary filled up quickly, page after page of dirt on Schlatt. It still needed more about Schlatt’s weaknesses, but the man began opening up about his drinking and smoking issues, so that wasn’t too far away.

Fundy finished writing in the diary, stowing it away in his ender chest. He glanced into his mirror, slowly studying himself. The bags under his eyes, the slight red tint in his eyes from crying earlier over everything.

Why didn’t his reflection feel like him anymore...?

Had he really lost himself *that much*?

He slid off his ring, squeezing it tightly in his hand. He wanted his Dream to return and console him, to tell him that this was all a nightmare and everything was going to be okay.

But he knew, deep down, that that would never happen.

He cried for the second time that night.

Chapter End Notes

I was struggling with writers block and an inspiration crash this week so that sucked. Glad to get this plot point out of the way so I can write more romantic angst lmao

i also suck at action scenes and wrote this at 4 am so that's why this is bad

30,000 words pog

small note: any extra lore bits will go in the series this is in, so in case you want some extra bits, they'll be there. one will probably come out in the next few days <3

Lucid Nightmares

Chapter Summary

In which Sapnap dreams. Or does he?

Chapter Notes

I haven't updated since last year! Oh no! I can't even say this is a belated Christmas present :(

A small warning here for derealisation later in the chapter (nothing big, just a very ambiguous dream but since I got inspo from Ranboo's stream today I figured I should tag it anyway, that sorta deal)

Take my angst.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap focused on two things to distract himself from the ever increasing worry over Dream; duelling people and bullying George.

They usually overlapped now that he thought about it.

At the moment, he was losing to the colourblind idiot in chess, now contemplating what move he should make next. His king was in check by George's knight and most possible moves would force him to sacrifice his queen, something he wanted to avoid this early in the game.

"Is Sapnap feeling the heat?" George's grin was insufferable, using his pawn to knock down Sapnap's castle. He scowled, cursing himself for not realising his last move left him wide open. "You can forfeit, if you want."

He scoffed. "Hell no! I am *not* giving you 10 gold blocks, by the way."

"Oh, but you *will* ," he laughed. "That's a promise."

Unfortunately, Sapnap ended up losing to the smirking bastard and was forced to fork out the gold to him, though he was sure George would immediately lose it to a bet with Bad or something.

They went for several more rounds without any wagers on the line, George winning in all but one. He immediately stopped playing after his win, gloating about it to Sam and Bad for the rest of the day, much to George's dismay.

He fell into a simple routine of training, chess, and occasionally baking with the others on weekends, slowly phasing relaxing out of his daily life. The empty space only made him think about bad things, so why even bother? Better to be productive.

The chess board they used was well worn, brought by Bad as a game to play on their travels. It was heavily chipped and dusty, and was Sapnap's only companion at the moment.

He sighed, retying his bandana. George was busy with something vague, Ant had left to visit a 'friend' a week or so ago, Sam was off fixing Fundy's redstone project, and Bad was most likely baking with Skeppy. It was just him and the chess board now since he lacked a partner to play against.

"Oh no, you've beat me!" he spoke in a higher pitched voice, toying with a white king to make it 'talk'. "Please, spare me o' great Sapnap!"

"Never!" Now he spoke in his normal voice, using the other king to knock all the white pieces over.

Maybe he did need to get out more.

Sapnap placed the pieces and board back into their case and put it onto his nightstand, falling back onto his bed. He shielded the sunlight drifting through his window with his hand, irritated it kept getting into his eyes. His room was *very* inconveniently placed as to where the sunset shone *right* through the window, making it so he could never go to sleep early without borrowing an extra sheet from Dream's room.

So he never went to sleep early.

Dream's room was at the very end of the hall, the smallest one out of them all. Probably because it

was originally a storage room he took over unexpectedly.

He had only gone in there a couple of times back when Dream still lived with them. Which was a long, long time ago. He missed those times.

Maybe...

Sapnap rose with shaky legs, exiting his room. He was just getting something he stowed in a chest, nothing big. No other reason. He chuckled nervously. Why was he nervous, it wasn't a big deal, right?

His footsteps sounded especially loud against the plank floors. They sounded guilty.

Down the hall. He peeked into George's room since the door was open and it was right next to him. Cluttered as always, different pairs of shoes scattered around the bed, knocked from their shelf like someone was in a hurry to leave quickly.

Ant's room was neater, although clothes were haphazardly thrown around in the act of packing. Bad didn't even sleep in his room most of the time, explaining how clean it was.

He slowed. The end of the hall. Dream's door was always locked.

The chance to turn back was on a silver platter.

Why *should* he turn back though? It shouldn't be a big deal, so why was it one?

Why is my heart beating so fast? It hammered in his chest, thumping against his fingertips. He was going in a *room*, for gods' sake. *Why does it hurt so much?*

He pulled his keyring from his pocket, easily finding the right one amongst the several others. It was small and silver, shining brightly against his hand in the dim hallway. *Matches the door handle*.

It slid in easily, a soft click echoing as it turned over. The door was open now.

His legs tensed, the feeling of wanting to flee coursing through his veins. He didn't want to remember *why* he felt like this. That was worse.

But he pulled the key out, twisting the handle and gently pushing the door open. It was dark now, too dark for him to make out anything more than simple shapes.

He frowned. The sun had set.

Now it wasn't necessary for him to go in.

Breathe .

The metal of the door was cool as he pulled it shut. There was another click as he locked it again, turning on his heel and fleeing back into his room.

Safety and security. His heartbeat was no longer pounding in his ears, breath slowing.

The room didn't need to be opened again, the memories didn't need to be remembered. Ignorance was bliss, afterall. He closed his eyes, forcing his mind into silence.

He wasn't going to open that can of worms tonight.

Sleep evaded him, weaseling its way from his grasp whenever he managed to catch it for a few moments. His bed was uncomfortably warm and it was *impossible* to find a good sleep position.

At some point the front door opened and familiar footsteps sounded down the hall. George and Bad peeked in to say hello, heading off to their respective rooms. Sapnap pretended to be asleep, too drained to even attempt to hold a conversation. *In the morning* , he promised himself.

When he *did* manage to get a wink of sleep, nightmares plagued him. Various images of his friends dying or blood being spilled haunted the silent room, and he simply gave up on the idea of good

sleep after a while.

The moon was waning, weakly shining into his window. It was about to set, resting on the mountains in the distance. He squinted. He thought he could see something ghosting through outside, but-

He jolted up suddenly, eyes wide. *Was that a face?*

No, it was too pale... Sapnap rubbed his eyes, trying to calm his racing mind. *And I didn't see any facial features. Just my imagination.* He forced himself to lie back down, still keeping his eyes locked on the window.

There it was again!

He waited for it to disappear again before he made his move, sliding the window open and climbing out. The air was uncomfortably humid from all the recent rain, even more than usual. It clung to his exposed skin and it didn't help that his bangs fell into his eyes without his bandana, no amount of shaking his head fixed it.

Through the curtain of hair, he spotted what he was looking for. A mask stared back at him, the indifferent smiley making his hair stand on end.

"What are you doing out here," Dream rasped, voice low yet still unbearably loud in the otherwise silent area. "You should be inside."

Sapnap glanced away, rubbing his arms. "Should've been more careful when you were watching me sleep, hm?"

Silence. Uncomfortable, unbearable silence. Dream seemed to study him, judging 'eyes' casting a verdict of disappointment with every little flaw Sapnap possibly had.

"You're staring."

"You're dreaming, Sapnap," His tone changed to one of concern, and he closed the distance

between them.

He scoffed. "Of course I'm not, how-"

"I'm not real, Sapnap. You know that. I know what you did."

No . He couldn't be dreaming, he couldn't even sleep just minutes before. But why would Dream lie? Dream would never lie to him.

"I didn't do anything," the lie was bitter on his tongue, and Dream's mask frowned. "You can't prove it. How would you know, you've been gone for *months!* "

Dream laughed, sharp and dry. "Don't lie to yourself, Sapnap."

"But-"

"Good luck trying to convince yourself that you're so innocent."

His mask was progressively turning grey, and Sapnap felt anxiety ripple through him. He tried reaching out to touch it, but Dream grabbed his wrist with a death grip.

The pain was sudden, piercing through his arm, but he knew Dream was strong enough to easily snap it and that would be *far* worse. He chuckled nervously, trying to pull back. "See, you're only proving my point here. It hurts... so I'm *not* dreaming."

Oh *gods* , he was doing the laugh. The mask was nearly black now, the white smiley boring into him.

"Child's tale. Nightmares are far tougher to shake than regular ones," he released his wrist, tilting his head. "You should go back inside."

He looked away from 'Dream', cradling his wrist. "... alright."

Dream stared after him as he climbed back in through the window, the need for sleep conveniently gone when he needed it the most. He groaned, throwing his sheet over the window.

The feeling of being watched didn't even weaken a small bit.

Giving in, he stepped out of his room and down the hall to George's. On the few occasions either had bad dreams, they had gone to each other for comfort. *But this isn't a dream*, he assured himself. *Just Dream being bad*.

He chuckled at his own joke, knocking on the door. No response.

Strange. George's sleep schedule was worse off than his was, usually he was awake around this time. He ignored the sinking feeling in his stomach, dismissing the dread as a side effect of *that* whole ordeal.

"George?"

Again, no response. The pit in his stomach grew, anxiety taking over. It was stupid, George was most likely asleep, but *still*.

What if something happened?

He pushed the door open, immediately searching for George in the small room. Even with the mental preparation, it wasn't enough.

So much blood.

How could I let this happen, how could it happen? Why didn't I hear anything, why-

Numb.

All my fault. It's all my fault. George is gone, and it's all-

“Sapnap?”

The sudden light glaring in his eyes made his already-bad headache flare up more, drilling into his skull like a... drill. Who would've guessed.

Bad sat at his bedside, obvious worry oozing from all his features. “Are you awake?”

“Yeah,” he winced, throat raw. “What happened?”

The memory of last night swept through him, chilling him to his very core. “Is George... alright?”

“Of course, why wouldn't he be?” Bad laughed, looking away as his tone switched to one of concern. “The question is, are *you* alright?”

“You were screaming last night- scared us all half to death.”

Oh. That explained some things. But did that mean everything *else* was a dream? It didn't make sense, considering his wrist was bruised... yet there was still the lack of pain from last night.

“Just a bad dream,” He shrugged it off, already pushing it out of his mind.

Bad clearly wasn't satisfied with his explanation, but gave up after the fifth “I don't know” he received, leaving to go get a tray of food.

Just a bad dream.

Surprisingly enough, George was the one to return with food. He sat beside him on the bed, offering the tray.

“You look worse for wear,” he remarked, biting into an apple. It was true, the lack of goggles allowed for him to see the dark bags under his eyes. “Although I doubt that I look much better.”

“Mhm.. had a dream about Dream.”

He blinked. “Was his mask-”

“That weird black one?” George raised an eyebrow. “Did you-”

“... Yeah.”

“Huh.”

Sapnap hummed, finishing the apple. He offered George one of the muffins Bad had given him, but he declined, mumbling something about having lost his appetite a while ago.

“He killed me,” George fidgeted with his hands, staring at Sapnap. “Said it was my fault for... something.”

He nearly choked on his bite of muffin, coughing into his hands. “That’s... you died in mine, too.”

“Oh.”

He cleared his throat, stretching out. “Do you remember when Dream used to disappear and we’d search for him?”

“Yeah, extreme hide and seek?” George laughed. “Of course I remember. Why?”

Sapnap simply grinned, letting George put the pieces together. They nodded, turning to face Bad as he entered the room. “Why are you staring at me- Oh my goodness, are you two muffinheads scheming again?”

Sapnap stood, leaning on George for support when he almost fell. “Promise not to yell.”

“Is it that bad?” the man sighed, shaking his head. “Alright, I promise.”

“It’s been long enough and we haven’t had any word from Dream,” He cracked his knuckles.

Bad shrugged. “What can we do about it?”

Sapnap grinned. “Well, Bad, there *is*,” he chuckled. “We’re going to have a manhunt.”

Chapter End Notes

wooooooooooooo

can i get a pog for lore?

:)

dammit, i'm not smooth at all. dialogue go brrrrr

Just a Dream.

Chapter Summary

In which Techno gets a visitor (and things go wrong).

please don't bully me it's 2 AM and i got lazy

Chapter Notes

Chapter pog?

Pog.

but it's short :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno really shouldn't have indulged in the selfish part of himself.

But of course he did, potentially ruining everything for himself.

The gentle plains of his dreams were supposed to be a comfort, an endless expanse of golden wheat and greener pastures.

He had been peacefully tilling the dirt, summoning a bag of potatoes to sew into the earth once more- a typical dream for him, the monotonous task bringing some kind of structure and comfort to his hectic life- when Dream appeared.

"Techno?" The man's voice floated across the plain, echoing in his ears. He turned to face him, a stone wall constructing itself for the masked man to sit on.

He hummed softly in response, leaning on the hoe. "I thought I told you to stay out of my dreams-" he dragged his eyes up to meet the mask's gaze, demeanour changing from cocky and slightly annoyed to concerned when noticing the obvious panic in Dream's tone, the blood on his clothes, and the way he almost *shook* in fear. "... what happened?"

“I did something really, really, *really* bad,” he clawed at his arms, the mask displaying an expression of both disgust and guilt. “Really bad.”

Techno’s frown deepened as he crossed over to the wall, allowing Dream to fall off the wall into his arms. The younger god shook with the force of his sobs, and the dread he felt only doubled. “Can you talk about it?”

He hesitated for a moment, latching onto Techno’s cape with a death grip. “Maybe. But-”

“I’m not going to get upset with you, Dream,” He offered a reassuring smile, running his fingers through his hair. It was longer than he remembered it, probably a result of the outside force manifesting inside his head and taking on the actual traits.

Dream let out a shaky sigh, trembling slightly.

“I killed George.”

His gaze sharpened slightly, staring with furrowed eyebrows at the golden haired god. Dream was fiercely protective of most people he associated with, *especially* of George.

“Why?” he treaded carefully, not wanting to push Dream too much. He worried of the man leaving and accidentally causing more harm to something, deciding on being cautious. “I doubt you would do it intentionally.”

Techno studied the way the smaller shifted in his arms, staying silent for a few minutes and burying his face in the crook of Techno’s neck. He didn’t mind, the small act of intimacy muddling his mind with all of his others fantasies. He rubbed Dream’s back, paying no mind to the side of him that screamed to be more cautious.

“It was- I was just in Wilbur’s dream because I got lonely- and I just- lost control..” he trailed off, voice becoming more strained. “... next thing I know, I was standing over George’s body and-”

Dream hid his face again, shaking harder. He gently shushed him, rocking slightly. “It’s not your fault, Dream. Couldn’t control it.”

“*But* -” He was quieted again, cradled tightly against Techno.

They went quiet for a while, Techno wrapping his cape around Dream to replace the bloody cloak. He hummed quietly under his breath, braiding locks of his hair.

“I’m okay now,” Dream spoke in practically a whisper, tilting his head up. He glanced down, blinking when the mask fell off.

There wasn’t actually anything under it, his mind filling black static in for all the parts he hadn’t seen. It was still jarring to see, however. A smile danced across Dream’s ‘features’.

Dream laughed, leaning back against the wall. At least he was doing better.

“What do I look like, Techno?” He purred, catching Techno off guard. He looked away with the sudden realisation and guilt- while Dream was there, he would be influenced by Techno’s emotions. And that meant-

He choked, desperately trying to rid his mind of any stray thoughts. “You should leave-”

“Why?” He asked the question in earnest, tilting his head to the side with a giggle. “I’m doing fine here.”

“But, still,” Techno shifted away from him, stretching out across the grass. “You should.”

Dream giggled again, reaching up to cover his mouth with a smirk. “You never answered my question, *Techno*,” He stressed the last syllables, stretching them and rolling them across his tongue.

“I don’t *know*,” he groaned, shrugging. “You should know.”

“Just guess!”

He hummed, tapping his fingers on his thigh. “I dunno! I mean, I know you have freckles, but-” He

glanced up again, realising some of the static had been replaced with pale skin and freckled cheeks, quickly ducking back down. His own cheeks burned.

“And?”

“Pretty eyes,” he muttered, reluctantly looking back up to meet Dream’s ‘eyes’, which he seemed to have decided were a seaglass green.

Another laugh, more of a low chuckle this time. It sent an electric shock through his body, sending his mind into an uncontrolled frenzy of *several* emotions he couldn’t control. “Interesting colour,” he tipped his head back to rest against the wall. “Interesting thoughts as well.” He added.

Techno choked again, blushing furiously. “As I said, you should go,” He stammered.

“I don’t want to,” Dream grinned, eyes glinting with mischief and *some other emotions he really shouldn’t get into*- “I like it here.”

“Yes, but-” the other god promptly deposited himself in his lap, eliciting a sharp yelp from Techno. He instinctively grabbed onto Dream’s hips, glaring up at him. “*Dream* .”

“*What?*”

He tried to actually explain himself, a foolish move in hindsight, quickly interrupted by Dream’s breathy wheeze.

“Is it because I tempt you?” His tone was *so fucking teasing* , cocky smile wide across his lips. Techno shook his head, turning away again. “Just admit it.”

“I’m not-” His eyes widened at the feeling of something brushing his lips, barely ghosting across them.

But then he woke up.

“.. Fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

hahhaha what if i made another book that was just half-canon one-shots i could upload when i got main story block that people could comment concepts for... hahhahahah jk... unless...

Also, according to bullshit statistics, only 10% of people who are reading this have left a comment! If you haven't already, consider leaving one! It's totally free and you can always go back and delete it later.

(srs, lemme know if that would be cool lmao.)

(also comments make happy chemical go brrr, very pog to do if you want :))

The War is Won, but the Battle isn't Over

Chapter Summary

The world finally burns.

(Or in which they find him, but they take him back to a place that is no longer home)

Chapter Notes

HOLY FUCK I'M ALIVE

yes it's been six months I am very sorry, had to deal with mental health stuff as well as writers block. but I'm back now!!! i hope everyone hasn't forgotten about me
awdyftygawdtugawbvd

anyway please take this chapter i worked very hard on this

not beta'd pls forgive my stupid brain and its mistakes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George had never been particularly skilled in the art of planning, so he allowed the others to plan it out. They'd decided on bringing Punz and Sam along, figuring the extra manpower would help. Bad stayed back in order to keep the peace between the two warring factions, considering tensions had mounted significantly.

They rode out at dawn, horses patiently trotting along as they wound their way from the Main SMP Lands. They specifically left even before half of the sun peeked above the mountains just so they wouldn't draw any attention. While they had little to go off of for Dream's location, they could guess based on small markings they'd learned to pick up during their manhunts. Things out of place, animal tracks suddenly disappearing, and of course; blocks being placed.

They had also asked Techno a day prior about his guesses as to where the god could go, considering they seemed to be very close. He listed off a few vague locations he knew they'd had a house at one time or another, all rather far off.

It was a lot of travelling, heading to one of the furthest ones since that's where the markings seemed to point to. They were drained; staying on the move for a week without much rest was exhausting. George stretched, rolling his shoulders back while petting Spirit on the head. The horse whined, leaning into it. He sighed. "Miss Dream, don't you?"

He was currently scouting the area while the others scavenged for food and supplies, trying to figure out where they should go next.

The sun was far too bright and he had raised a hand to block some of it, removing the goggles to squint into the distance. They'd passed quite a few villages in the week they'd spent travelling, so he was trying to figure out whether or not his eyes were playing tricks on him. The building was far too artfully crafted to be created by villagers, yet was surrounded by nothing else; just a house. It reminded him of Techno's building style-

Holy fuck- Techno had mentioned he was the one who built the houses, seeing as Dream wasn't exactly known for his builds. For a split second, he considered keeping silent, wondering if it was really worth it. He slowly shook his head, remembering the plan. "Guys!"

The others quickly ran over, taking turns hopping on Spirit to peer over the trees. Sam, being the tallest and most redstone inclined, pulled a spyglass from his pocket to zoom in on the structure. George stared at the object, noting the red wires of redstone twisting around it. The man had stated he and Fundy worked on it together, once upon a time.

"That's definitely one of the houses," Sam breathed, guiding Spirit to a fencepost and typing them there.

Sapnap narrowed his eyes. "We're going on foot? Wouldn't it just be faster to ride?"

"We don't want to startle Dream," the hybrid explained, doing the same to the group's other horses. "Come on."

They set off, hacking their way through the rest of the trees. It sloped up slightly, the vivid green grass dulling to more of a wintermint colour, signifying the beginning of a mountain biome. George pulled his sweatshirt closer, muttering about the temperature dropping. The closer they got, the more he realised how dilapidated the structure was, several chunks of the house missing and patched up with things like sheets or the wrong kind of wood. It also had a well-maintained farm around it, wheat and potatoes sprouting from the ground.

Sharing a look, they agreed that George would be the one to knock, considering how they were so close. He approached the door, thumping his knuckles against the surprisingly strong wood four times, alternating between long raps and short ones; a code the Dream Team made to alert each other when someone came in.

He heard shuffling behind the door and he anxiously awaited, bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet.

When it opened, his eyes widened. Dream's hair had grown out significantly, pulled out of his way by a messy bun, strands framing his mask. He donned a cloak that he believed was Techno's, fluffy and velvety instead of his typical green one. It also appeared he was wearing one of the other man's fancy dress shirts and trousers.

What was more concerning was the fact he looked so *weak*. He stood a good few inches above him, but his stature had thinned. Even the mask seems duller, with more cracks littering it than George remembered.

The mask's eyes widened, the smile turning to a frown. "G-George?"

He was about to respond, ready with his prepared speech about finding him and bringing him back when he fucking *collapsed*. The brunette easily caught him, surprise growing in his gut when he found that he could easily support him- even carry, as he discovered when bringing him back.

"What the fuck happened?!" Sapnap's voice rose with panic, dropping to his knees to help lie Dream down.

"He just- fainted!" The Brit exclaimed, looking around. Sam had taken out healing potions, lifting up the bottom of the mask. He gasped, and George leaned in to look.

Dream's mouth was streaked with red, the liquid bubbling from his lips and streaming from the corners of his mouth. It looked as though there were things mixed into the blood, but he was shoved away. "Get the horses," said Sam, his voice stern and commanding. His spot was replaced by Punz and he ran back through the forest to do as he was told.

He paused once he got past the treeline, slowing down significantly. Muttering to himself, he got to the small camp they set up. They had a bag of supplies consisting of food, water, maps, and a couple of potions. He grabbed all of the healing ones and stashed them in his Ender Chest, removing the object as quickly as he placed it down. He hummed, satisfied.

Untying the horses and gathering the extra bags onto their backs, he rode back to the group, hopping off to give them room.

They eventually found a way to maneuver Dream onto a horse, Sam carrying him whilst riding Spirit, the largest of the horses. Punz dug through their other bags, and George thought he saw the ghost of a frown but waved it off. Sapnap returned from inside the house, carrying a bag he recognised as Dream's.

"I got his stuff," the youngest explained, climbing onto his own horse. "He'll probably want it when he wakes up."

George nodded, getting onto Sam's previous horse. The mercenary continued riffling through bags, his golden pendant swinging as it was jostled with his movements. "I swear I-

"What's going on?" He asked, his crisp accent startling the blonde. "Sorry."

"I- it's fine, I just thought I brought..." he trailed off, eying George before casting a worried look at the unconscious man. "Nevermind."

He had no time to ponder what the hell that had been about before they were swept back into the steady pace of horses running, now able to beeline back to the Main SMP.

Punz and Sam stayed close, discussing matters he couldn't quite catch. He heard a couple of snippets: "'He must be weaker, considering he's away from the source of most of his power; I read that in a book' '-flowers! Need to ask-' '-should stay away from...'"

He lost interest in trying to piece the conversation together, scratching down notes on the rough map he'd made on the way there, annotating any important details as well as marking coordinates he thought would be of use.

The time to get back was cut in half from a week to only a handful of days, considering they had a clear path at this point instead of near-aimlessly wandering. It still wasn't fast enough for the other three, all insisting they keep moving even through the night.

When they started smelling the faint scent of smoke, they dismissed it as a wildfire. However, when it got stronger the closer they got, the more worried they became. Then there were flames raging on the horizon.

George would've cried once they returned to the Main SMP, but he instead stared in terror at the burning crater where L'Manberg once stood, the screams of both allies and enemies alike howling like the wind in his ears.

All the while, Dream never stirred.

The battle was tiring, to say the least. Schlatt didn't actually *fight*, per se, but his body ached from withdrawal. He holed himself up in the Camarvan, going through his final pack of cigars and his few bottles of whisky. He coughed, feeling like his arms were going numb.

It wasn't much of a battle, actually, more of an ambush. News had spread around that all of Schlatt's forces had left on a mission without his immediate knowing; he actually only found out once they'd been gone for longer than a day with no warning, aside from the half-assed note Sapnap and Punz left him in some hidden spot. And, well, the rest is history; Pogtopia took advantage.

He had been sitting rather peacefully in his office when he heard a loud bang, prompting him to check outside- how was he supposed to know fucking *Technoblade* would be waiting for him?

Schlatt, having the basic life-preservation instinct, fucking *ran* for his life. And, it just so happened that Pogtopia had surrounded Manberg, forcing him to dart around. He wasn't actually known for his agility, so he had several cuts and arrow wounds to show for his efforts, not to mention the splinters.

He had no idea how Dream did it.

The mention of Dream made him wince, placing the bottle down on the ground so he could properly bury his face in his hands. He was weak, he realised. He ruled a nation, and what for? He had no citizens, barely any allies. Didn't even have the thing that prompted him to run for president.

So when they finally found him, slumped in the corner, he didn't give much of a fight. He screamed and cried at Fundy- *the only friend he had left, someone he considered to be like a son betrayed him* - throwing a glass bottle at him in his rage. Quackity swore back at him, pressing his sword to his throat.

When had they decided he was too far gone?

The rest began aiming their crossbows at him, Technoblade staying eerily silent except for the occasional sarcastic response. Wilbur stood at the forefront, much like him; no armour, just a netherite sword to his name. “You’re going to die, Schlatt. Any final words?”

Tommy echoed his words, laughing in their inevitable victory. Schlatt tried sitting up a little straighter, wincing. “No, I’m fucking not.” His gaze landed on Tubbo for a split second before looking away, guilt pooling in his stomach

“You are if I have anything to say about it,” Techno grumbled, adjusting his perch above his head.

He gasped in pain, nearly collapsing. “I can’t- I can’t feel my arm-”

Fundy frowned in concern, kneeling down. “What?”

“I can’t-”

Eret stepped forward, gently moving her skirt to kneel down next to Schlatt. She seemed far too worried about a fucking dictator. “Schlatt, can you smell toast? Burning toast?”

Bad peeked out from behind him, Ant also standing beside him.

His mind spun. “Yeah.”

He tried grabbing one of his protein shakes, muttering about lifting weights with his good arm when Eret snatched it out of his hand, instead tilting a regen potion to his lips.

“He’s having either a stroke or a heart attack, we need to move quickly,” they stated.

The three Badlands members present started lifting him up, aided by Ponk and Jack. Eret directed HBomb, Niki, and Karl to gather healing supplies, sending them off.

Tommy slapped Quackity's back, laughing. "Schlatt's having a fucking heart attack, big Q! We won!" The older joined in as well, spinning to face Wilbur.

"We did it?" Tubbo said, eyes wide. "We didn't even fight, that was easy- too easy.."

Tommy frowned at his friend. "Come on, Tubbs, we got so lucky that the rest left! Right, Wil?" He turned to look at his older brother, finding him deep in conversation with Techno.

"Right, Tommy," said Wilbur, rather dismissively. Go set up L'Manberg.

The boy frowned but dragged his best friend and Quackity along. Niki, Karl, Jack, and Purpled followed suit by tearing down Manberg's decorations and prettying up the stage. The rest of the group eventually made their way over, Wilbur standing up on stage while everyone else found seats in the crowd.

"Well. We won!" Wilbur said, his enthusiasm far too little for someone who just won his nation back. His fingers tapped impatiently on the podium, as though he were itching to leave. The rest of his speech fell rather flat, although he announced Tommy to be the new president.

Said child ran up, grinning widely and oblivious to the glare of malice and disgust his eldest brother was sending him. "Thank you, Wil!" he exclaimed, not caring about how Wilbur's smile didn't quite reach his eyes, how he disappeared soon after stepping off stage.

Tommy rambled on for some time, excitement contagious to his audience. "And- well, it's so nice to have L'Manberg back. We can rebuild everything again, everything Manberg tainted!" He smiled, happiness swelling in his heart. "But- I don't think I can be president. Not alone, anyway. Tubbo!"

When the other boy ran up on stage, they embraced, all smiles and not a care in the world. They were going to govern together. He frowned when he heard a strange hiss.

And then the world exploded.

The very earth trembled beneath their feet, throwing the group onto the floor. Bombs exploded

underneath them, blasting everything into oblivion. Tommy stared on in horror, watching the TNT fly into the sky and land, leaving a hole and destruction in its wake.

He and Tubbo dove from the stage, barely escaping from the stage being destroyed. Their clothes were singed, and they turned to the gaping hole.

Wilbur and Techno?

Everything went according to plan.

Techno came to him sometime in the early morning, his smile far too eager for the news he delivered; Schlatt was completely defenceless. The other day, Sapnap and Punz came to him asking for information about Dream's possible whereabouts, saying they were planning on having a 'Manhunt' as they called it.

He pushed down the rage that tugged on his self-control; they were trying to get to *his* Dream, those filthy bastards. They deserved to burn, to be pulled apart slowly as Wilbur watched them beg for mercy.

But, it also offered an opportunity. Schlatt wouldn't have anyone to protect him, the perfect time for an ambush. Techno relayed all of this with a sense of glee that only insane men and the one and only Blood God could muster, and Techno was all of the above. They toasted to their good luck, tensions temporarily forgotten as they drank wine from Techno's collection, taking a walk around his vault. It was stocked to the brim with everything someone in war could need, and they grabbed some to divvy out to their forces, just in case of a struggle.

"Oh, and," the pink-haired man pulled a book out of his pocket, handing it to Wilbur. "I found it outside."

He frowned at the leather binding- "My Diary"- written in handwriting that was far too familiar. Flipping open the pages, his interest piqued; it wasn't so much of a diary as it was a total expose on Schlatt, detailing every little thing that he'd done.

Techno whistled. "Even down to the cat murders."

They returned to the ravine Pogtopia resided in, alerting everyone of the good news. There was a lot of hollering, especially from Tommy encouraging Tubbo to scream along with him. Niki softly smiled, taking Wil aside to her room.

“Wilbur,” she said, worry evident in her face. “If the book is correct, that means Fundy-”

He stiffened. “Niki.”

She shook her head. “Wil, please! He was scared and confused, you can’t blame him!”

He tore away from her grasp, mind racing with possibilities. *Is Fundy not the bad guy? Then who the fuck is!* He desperately scoured his mind for someone to blame, needing to pin it on *someone*.

Maybe Fundy didn’t drive him out, he wants to help us, the diary- it makes no sense, nothing makes sense.

He slowly took a couple of breaths, piecing his mind together. Shoving his hands into his pocket, his hand closed around the handle of the dagger.

It was Techno.

He smiled with the revelation, weight lifting off his shoulders.

Of course. He wants to steal him from me. Thinks he can just waltz in and take him right from under my nose thinks he can fucking kiss him without repercussions-

“Wil? You’re shaking?”

Wilbur turned away, ignoring her worried voice and leaving the small ravine.

Techno would pay.

He chuckled, flipping the dagger around in his hand. His brother, a son, a god, a soon-to-be-king, an anarchist. A *homewrecker* .

“Blood for the Blood God, ey?” he said, a smile that he reserved solely for when he was alone slipping out. “Blood God, Blood KIng.”

“ *Long live the King .*”

Techno stood beside Wilbur, eying the crowd outside and waiting for the right time. His heart was racing from anticipation, thoughts occupied with *Dream, Dream, Dream* . Maybe now is when he will return.

He was startled out of his musing by Wilbur, watching the man gently press his fingertips against it.

“It was never meant to be.” He flashed a smile at Techno, and he gave Wil a thumbs up in return.

Click.

Nothing.

Wilbur moved slowly, a deep frown embedding itself in his face. He pressed it again; nothing.

“What the fuck,” Techno muttered, trying his own hand at it to no avail.

The brunette’s eyes were blown wide, and he turned to his brother. “They must have found it- oh fuck oh fuck-” he seemed genuinely panicked, clutching and tearing at his hair. “What are we supposed to do?!”

He scanned the area, eyes narrowing. “I still have TNT. We can place some under again if the

trails are still there. Withers, too.”

That seemed to calm the other, breaking the stone wall behind the button and hopping behind. He split the amount he had left with Wil, both of them going off to place it. For good measure, he placed a couple of withers, racing out of there in time for Wilbur to press the button.

The brothers stare out at L’Manberg, a bit disappointed at the fact it wasn’t quite blown as sky-high as they wanted it.

He desperately tried to ignore the look of horror on Tommy and Tubbo’s faces.

“Technoblade- Wilbur! What is this?!” Tommy yells, masking his unshed tears with anger, poisonous and violent.

Wilbur’s face became one of an insane man, with a smile that stretched from ear to ear. “Don’t you see, Tommy? L’Manberg is gone! It’s been gone since that wretched man came into power! We *can’t* restore it, it’s gone forever; the only way to remove the stain it’s left is to *burn it to the fucking ground!*”

“Besides, Toms,” the pinkette said, crimson eyes meeting icy blue through the pig skull mask. “I helped you, then you decide to create a government? Right in front of me, your brother, who you know *despises* even the idea of it!” he shakes his head. “Very foolish.

“But I get it; you want to be a hero. You know what happens to heroes, Tommy?”

The boy scowled. “They save everyone! A happy ending, because they fought so hard! They deserve it-”

“Heroes die, Tommy. They suffer. Life is cruel, nobody gets what they ‘deserve’. To prove my point more, creating a government is not heroism! It’s establishing a tyrannical system!” He snarled, gesturing around at them. “Look at what happened to Schlatt! He was elected fairly, and he became corrupted with power! Can’t you see? It’s an endless cycle.”

Tommy glared. “I refuse, Technoblade. I’ll *create* my own happy ending, I won’t become one of your stupid myths, I won’t play into the ‘cycle’.”

His heart sank, just a bit in his chest. The voices roared. *Oh, Theseus...*

You already have.

Phil came upon the ruins of a country.

He was greeted by bodies, beaten to be bruised and bloody.

The path he walked was partially destroyed, stained with red and gunpowder.

He discovered his sons, all broken in their own ways; one physically, one mentally, one emotionally.

He carried the burdens of the foolish children who revelled in destruction and make-believe, the children who always took it a step too far. He cradled Tommy and Tubbo as they screamed and sobbed for the brothers that had abandoned and betrayed them. He sat by Wil as he muttered frantic and crazed ramblings about gods and love. He cared for Techno as blood spilled from the wound on his back, an injury created by something made to kill a god.

Phil gathered the survivors that hadn't yet fled, searched for the sites where people may respawn after their bodies had knitted themselves back together *gods only knew how long that may take*.

Despite their reservations, he took care of the ram-hybrid that they called "Schlatt", the man they claimed was the devil. He knew from experience that their whispers weren't true, simply misconstrued facts.

He took their pain because he saw himself in them.

And so when the group that had unintentionally sparked the end of everything returned to the scattered remains of the place they could so vividly imagine in their minds, ripped away within weeks, he held his arms wide open.

When they found the admin of the server still unconscious, he put all of his power into waking him up.

Because he would be damned if he would let the unforgiving universe rip more innocent people away before their time.

Chapter End Notes

aaaaaaa i am so proud of this chapter is is my baby for now

In case you noticed, my writing style has changed (maybe not significantly, but a decent amount) and I also changed how I do some things. My apologies if it isn't really where you wanted the story to go, but I had to pick up on the storyline again after forgetting big portions, so this is my attempt :0

Imao kudos and comments are pretty cool mwah mwah platonically

i will be chatting with you guys so feel free to ask questions :))))

limbo

Chapter Summary

It's so quiet.

It's been so long.

It's a riot.

It's all gone.

Chapter Notes

hey babe, wake up, i fucking updated

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The darkness was heavy.

It stretched over the land like a blanket, a curtain of despair and agony. It was strangely warm, too, covering him like a shield from all the nightmares.

Nightmare. That's familiar.

He floated along in the dream-esque place, a ripple in the vast ocean that surrounded him.
esque
Dream?

His memories were fleeting, few and far between. His head wouldn't stop aching, pounding heat against his skull that tried to get him to remember. But what was he supposed to remember?

Was he asleep? Asleep, in a dream? A nightmare? Why is it so fucking familiar?!

He simply... hurt everywhere that was possible, his nerves frayed and frazzled.

Sometimes there wasn't darkness, sometimes there was light.

He hated the light.

It was so blinding. It tried to get him to think, to remember, to pick up the tattered pieces of a green cloak and piece them together. To address the shard of porcelain that clung to his face like a mask.

He wouldn't. He couldn't.

Because it was so nice and warm here and he had already relinquished control.

(What did that mean?)

Chapter End Notes

aAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA I AM SORRY
DGWYUDHUWJD

While I don't think anyone actually cares (or even remembers) this fic, I wanted to update since I felt bad about not updating for so long- I am alive, by the way! Depression and writer's block kicked my ass, but I'm alive! I will (fingers crossed) start up again since I really enjoyed writing and now I have healthy habits to manage it!

As for anyone wondering, I probably won't continue this fic unless people actually want me to. While the last update was in July, I consider the updates before that to be when I last updated since all of my ideas for this fic kinda left my head in that stretch of time. There were a lot of questions and worldbuilding that I had set up that, unfortunately, I'd have to read over the entire story again to get any idea of what was happening (i didn't have a notes/plan doc i was an idiot lol). Along with how the lore has gone in the DSMP, I'd need some ideas of how to add in some new lore while keeping in with the general theme I've tried to create.

So, yeah :P. I do have some more stories in the work and since I know how frustrating an abandoned fic is, I wanted some closure for this little thing.

Tl;dr: Story's officially ended on a cliffhanger, sorry-not-sorry. I might come back to it with enough support, but rest assured, there's more dream harem content in your future! ;)

also thanks for all the support this got, love you all, the comments and kudos made my day <3333. read my other fics if you want to idk bye

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!